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ALEXANDER

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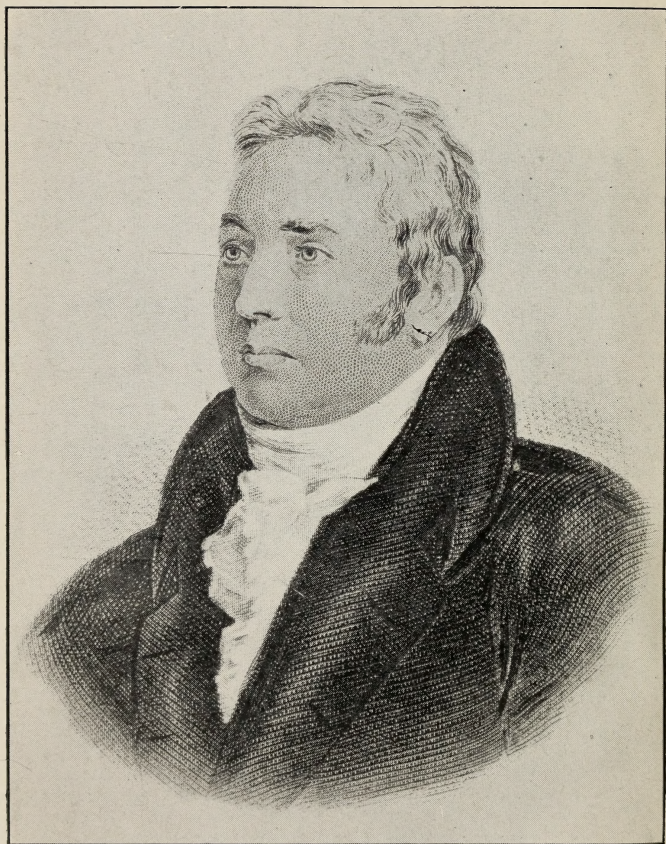
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S. T. Coleridge.

SELECT POEMS

FROM

COLERIDGE AND TENNYSON

PREScribed FOR UNIVERSITY AND NORMAL SCHOOL
ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS

1916.

EDITED WITH

INTRODUCTION AND BRIEF NOTES

BY

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TORONTO :

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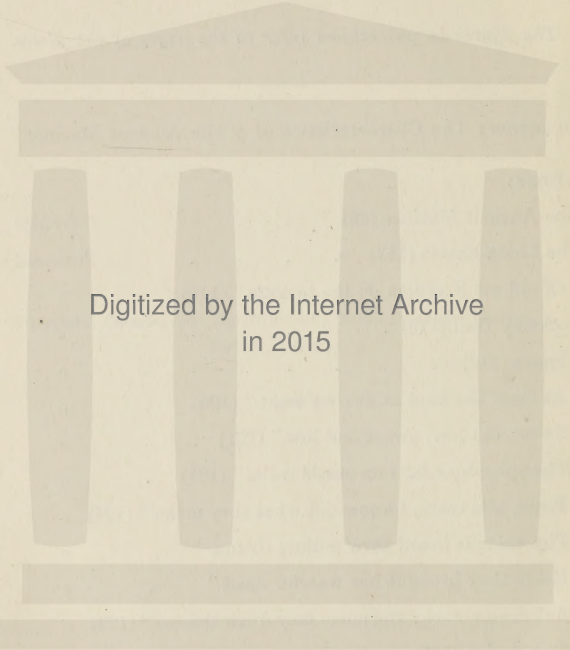
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INTRODUCTION.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

Difficulties in Appreciating the Poem.—Those critics who assign the highest place to the poetic work of Coleridge, are wont to confess exceptional difficulty in making an analysis of the factors in his poetry which give rise to their admiration and a basis to their judgment. For example, Mr. Swinburne writes: "Of his best verses I venture to affirm that the world has nothing like them and can never have; that they are of the highest kind and of their own. . . . Of his flight and song when in the fit element, it is hard to speak at all, hopeless to speak adequately. It is natural that there should be nothing like them discoverable in any human work; natural that his poetry at its highest should be, as it is, beyond all praise and all words of men. He who could define it aright could 'unweave a rainbow,' he who could praise it aright would be such another as the poet." Yet in the case of *The Ancient Mariner* at least, some detailed account of its poetic effectiveness is eminently desirable, since from its first publication there has been a disposition among the critics, while admitting its many beauties, to find it falling short of the standard of the highest poetic worth,—sometimes because of its alleged lack of truth and good sense, sometimes because of its incoherence, sometimes for its want of moral significance, sometimes, on the contrary, because its imaginative excellence has been sacrificed to moral sentiments.* And at the present day, though the general verdict of the most competent judges has indisputably been given in favour of the poem, the ordinary reader who does not at once submit to its charm, is apt to be full of objections and

* Within a month of its publication Southey, speaking anonymously in the *Critical Review*, says of *The Ancient Mariner*: "Many of the stanzas are laboriously beautiful, but in connection they are absurd and unintelligible . . . We do not sufficiently understand the story to analyse it. It is a Dutch attempt at German sublimity. Genius has here been employed in producing a poem of little merit." And a few months later, the *Monthly Review* styles it "the strangest story of a cock and bull that we ever saw on paper . . . it seems a rhapsody of unintelligible wildness and incoherence . . . there are however in it poetical touches of an exquisite kind."

of questions;* whilst the defender finds his task of accounting for his enthusiasm, much less easy than it would be in the case of a play of Shakespeare or, indeed, of almost any other work which has given to its writer a high place among English poets. The chief cause of all this lies in the fact that *The Ancient Mariner* appeals so exclusively to the æsthetic sense, and so little either to the intellect or to normal human sympathies.† The perception of truth, of the successful representation of life and character, and the understanding and feeling for human joys and sorrows are developed by every-day experience; whereas the lack of such inevitable education of the sense for artistic beauty makes the power of appreciating it the rarer. A sagacious mind little open to poetic effects may find much to interest and to excite admiration in the dramas of Shakespeare, as he who has no sense for beauty of form and colour, may appreciate the truth of a portrait; whilst on the one hand, knowledge of the world and clearness of intellect are of no avail in such an art as music, where there is no appeal except to the sense of beauty of sound and its combinations. Poetry, unlike music, deals not with sounds merely, but with language, which is necessarily the expression of thought. Hence in poetry we *may* find what appeals to common sense:—truth, the

*To the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, Wordsworth appended an apologetic note on *The Ancient Mariner*, which is interesting as showing the limitation of Wordsworth's poetic taste and as enumerating some objections which may be taken against the poem: "I cannot refuse myself the gratification of informing such Readers as may have been pleased with this Poem, or with any part of it, that they owe their pleasure in some sort to me; as the Author was himself very desirous that it should be suppressed. This wish had arisen from a consciousness of the defects of the Poem, and from a knowledge that many persons had been much displeased with it. The Poem of my Friend has indeed great defects; first, that the principal person has no distinct character, either in his profession of Mariner or as a human being who having been long under the control of supernatural impressions might be supposed himself to partake of something supernatural; secondly, that he does not act, but is continually acted upon; thirdly, that the events having no necessary connection do not produce each other; and lastly, that the imagery is somewhat too laboriously accumulated. Yet the Poem contains many delicate touches of passion, and indeed the passion is everywhere true to nature; a great number of the stanzas present beautiful images and are expressed with unusual felicity of language, and the versification, though the metre is itself unfitted for long poems, is harmonious and artfully varied, exhibiting the utmost powers of that metre, and every variety of which it is capable."

†"It would need Coleridge the critic to discover the secrets of the genius of Coleridge the poet. To solve intellectual puzzles in verse, to condense a diffused body of doctrine, to interpret what is called a poet's criticism of life is after all not difficult; but to find expressions in the language of thought corresponding to pure melody and imaginative loveliness is a finer exercise of wit." (*Dowden's Coleridge as a Poet.*)

criticism of life, the facts of human nature; yet valuable as these are, and largely as they may contribute to our pleasure, they are not themselves necessarily poetical, and cannot of themselves give poetic excellence to the work which contains them. Or again, poetry may be great because it profoundly stirs our sympathies; but then it must deal with what comes within the range of familiar experience. Now, the theme of *The Ancient Mariner* is like the theme of a fairy tale,—so remote in its incidents from reality, that it appeals but little to our sense of truth, and cannot intensely excite our emotional nature. Hence to those who lack the special ear for the essentially poetical, this poem is likely to seem trivial; whilst those, who spite of the little value they are disposed consciously to put upon artistic charm, are yet captivated by the beauty of this poem, often seek to justify their preference by alleging the existence of an allegorical meaning or a moral lesson.* Such attempts to force a deeper significance upon *The Ancient Mariner*, are really destructive of its main strength, which is æsthetic, and lies in its artistic consistency and unity—in its perfect harmony, beauty and completeness, if regarded from its own point of view. To enjoy it we must follow Coleridge's own critical method:—take it for what, on the face of it, it is; and not mar our satisfaction and its beauty by attempting to thrust it into a sphere (even if that be a higher one) to which it does not properly belong.

Its Fundamental Character.—" *The Ancient Mariner*," says Pater, "is a 'romantic' poem, impressing us by bold invention, and appealing to that taste for the supernatural, that longing for a *shudder*, to which the romantic school in Germany, and its derivatives in France and England, directly ministered." Fundamentally, then, this poem is a story addressed to the universal taste for the marvellous and weird, strongest in children and in the primitive stages of society, yet inherent, though it may be overlaid, in more mature minds and more enlightened ages. At the date of its composition, there was an extra-

* In his *Table Talk* Coleridge is reported as saying: "Mrs. Barbauld once told me that she admired *The Ancient Mariner* very much, but that there were two faults in it,—it was improbable, and had no moral. As for the probability, I owned that might admit some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my own judgment the poem had too much; and that the only or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have had no more moral than the *Arabian Nights'* tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a genii starts up, and says he *must* kill the aforesaid merchant, *because* one of the date-shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the genii's son." (*Table Talk*, May 31, 1830.)

ordinary revival of the appetite for the supernatural; and *The Ancient Mariner*, far from being exceptional as regards its theme, is another example of the fact that a great masterpiece is never an isolated phenomenon, but the outcome of favouring circumstances in the times, as well as of exceptional gifts in its creator

Antecedent Conditions.—The explanation of the flourishing of the supernatural at so late and so “illuminated” a period as the latter half of the Eighteenth century, lies mainly in the principle of reaction. At successive epochs in the history of a race or a community, various tendencies or principles become predominant which give a direction to the whole mental activity of the time, are likely to be carried to excess, and hence to involve the temporary checking of equally natural tendencies in other directions. In course of time, these latter, in turn, are wont to reassert themselves; and with the greater emphasis, the longer and more successfully they have been repressed. A familiar example is the revolt against the strained asceticism of Puritanism, as exhibited in the excesses of society during the reign of Charles II. Now, it is a very manifest and familiar fact to students of English literature, that during a period extending, roughly speaking, from the Restoration to the death of Pope (1660-1744), there was a marked predilection, in the world of thought and literature, for ideas, principles and themes that were congenial to the purely logical thinking faculty, at the expense of all that addressed itself to the heart and imagination. We might instance, for example, the sphere of religion: the main stress during this period was laid upon the moral code of Christianity, the manifest utility of which for the well-being of the individual and of society was patent to common sense; whereas the more mystical and emotional side—the sense of the hatefulness of sin, of intimate personal relations with the Founder of Christianity, or with the Creator, and other states of feeling which have always been in the ascendant during periods of religious quickening—were but little felt or valued. Indeed enthusiasm and fervour were under the ban in the most approved orthodox circles. The theological literature of the same date was busied with showing the reasonableness of Christianity, reducing the supernatural to the smallest possible limits, and demonstrating that Christian teachings are exactly those which would have been attained, without supernatural revelation, on a candid view of the universe by a sensible man. The reaction against this dry intellectualism was earliest and most clearly apparent in the Methodist development towards the close of the first half of the Eighteenth century. Here religious conviction was not

based upon arguments addressed to universal reason, but upon an appeal to a personal experience,—the sense of sin, of pardon, and so forth. Such a preacher as Whitfield sought to reach the heart rather than the reason; and the progress of the movement was marked, in the case both of individuals and of large collections of men, by extraordinary emotional phenomena. A similar revolution from the explicable and intellectual towards the mysterious and emotional took place at approximately the same era in all possible spheres: even, for example, in landscape gardening, where the formal and prim Dutch system with its straight paths, clipped shrubbery and artificial water-courses, was superseded by an attempt to reproduce the variety, complexity, and irregularity of nature,—to a fashion, accordingly, which stimulated the imagination through mystery and unexpectedness. In literature, the rational period is best typified in the poetry of Pope, dealing, as it does, most successfully and frequently, either with abstract truths—generalizations of experience which interest the cultivated intellect; or with satiric pictures of contemporary society, which, as is inevitable with satire, appeal to the reader's judgment of what is proper and congruous, rather than rouses emotion through sympathy with the persons and situations presented. The style, too, in keeping with the theme, does not so much aim at charming the sensuous perception and at stimulating the feeling by the richness, complexity and fitness of its music, as at gratifying the judgment by the rhetorical force and aptness with which each point is expressed.

The reaction towards the emotional and imaginative naturally had its excessive and morbid sides. In the first place, there is the bent towards Sentimentalism, the indulgence in emotion without adequate grounds and on every occasion. The most conspicuous examples of the literature of Sentimentalism are to be found outside of England (for the movement of which we are speaking was not insular but European) in the writings of Rousseau and in Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther*. In England, Sterne's works exhibit the same tendency, and traces of it are very widely perceptible, for instance in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. In the second place, there existed a craving for the more unusual, pungent, and violent stimulants to feeling. Something of this was manifest in the marked fashion for "grave-yard" poetry, which had so noble an outcome in Gray's *Elegy*; but the taste was more particularly shown in the predilection for the marvellous and horrible, the mysterious and supernatural—for themes which would have been stigmatized as childish and trivial by the sensible men of the world whose

preferences gave law to literature in the days of Anne and George I. Hence it is that English fiction, which in the hands of DeFoe, Richardson and Fielding had hitherto been realistic, began to develop the novel of wonder and romance. Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* (1765), M. G. Lewis's *Monk* (1796) *Castle Spectre* and *Tales of Wonder*, *The Mysteries of Udolpho* and other novels of Mrs. Radcliffe, and many episodes in Scott's poetry and prose are all the outcome of the prevalent fashion. *The Ancient Mariner* is, therefore, not an isolated product; but, among many attempts, the supremely successful embodiment of a certain sort of interest which is native to the human heart, and which, at this particular date, had gained greater ascendancy than at any era since the dawn of the critical spirit. It treats the weirdly supernatural in a spirit suited to modern taste.

General Conception.—By what means, we may next inquire, is Coleridge successful in giving for a modern reader, the highest pleasure compatible with such a theme? The task was not an easy one; the generation for which he wrote, like our own, was wholly sceptical as to the existence of such supernatural agents and events as are represented in the poem, however ready to yield them, for the purposes of imaginative enjoyment, a temporary belief. Hence the handling of the subject was necessarily a matter of extreme delicacy and tact,—a very different task from the treatment which might have sufficed for a credulous mediæval audience. The artist must throw an atmosphere about his story which may help his readers to see its events in a different light from that in which they regard the possible occurrences of actual life; he must, in as far as possible, remove all impediments to poetic faith, and prevent all unpleasant collisions between the fancies which he conjures up, and the hard facts of real experience. To attain this end, Coleridge, in the first place, adopts, for the setting of the story, certain devices, usual and sufficiently obvious but executed with rare skill. As to time, he thrusts his scene back into an undefined period of the past where vagueness and remoteness make the extraordinary more credible; and, as to place, into a region real indeed and permitting real description, but almost unknown and wholly unfamiliar.* For similar

* "Any one examining the poem with a critical eye for its machinery and groundwork will have noticed that Coleridge is careful not to introduce any element of the marvellous or supernatural until he has transported the reader beyond the pale of definite geographical knowledge, and then left behind him all those conditions of the known and the familiar, all those associations with recorded fact and experience, which would have created an inimical atmosphere. . . . In some half-dozen stanzas, beginning with 'The ship was cleared,' we find ourselves crossing the line and driven

reasons, the author withdraws himself as far as possible from notice ; he constructs a narrative within a narrative, told by the hero himself. Of the frame thus afforded to the main story, the poet makes the happiest use ; the reality of the experiences is, as it were, attested by the impression produced upon the imaginary auditors ; and the suggestiveness of these references are far more potent over the imagination than any detailed description addressed directly to the reader. More important than these artifices is the general form into which the story is cast. The greater era of credulity and of the marvellous is the Middle Ages, and its literature and traditions afforded the chief storehouse for gratifying the new appetite for the romantic. It was this, among other things, that caused the marked revival of interest in earlier literature that characterized the century with which we are dealing. For Coleridge's contemporaries, such themes as that of *The Ancient Mariner* were associated with mediæval forms. Hence, to lure his readers into the proper state of mind, he employs, not one of the literary modes of his own day, but the mediæval ballad. The stanza, the phraseology, the quaint marginal commentary, the naïvety and other peculiarities of treatment, serve to give the proper atmosphere, to make us feel we are in a sphere where the prosaic standards of our own time do not apply.*

Special Merits.—These devices for giving imaginative plausibility to the story are very necessary factors in the success of the poem, but they are within the reach of a mediocre artist ; and apart from the pleasure we have in the perception of the successful imitation of the ballad, they are rather conditions requisite to the success of the poem, than themselves factors which actually produce enjoyment. It is upon more subtle and evasive qualities, often of course beyond the reach of analysis, that the specific beauty of the work depends. In the first place, for the treatment of a theme of this character, Coleridge has manifestly special qualification : the dreaminess and visionariness of his temperament, the love of mysticism which is manifest even in his philosophy, his confessed taste for "all the strange phantoms that

far beyond the Southern Pole. Beyond a few broad indications thus vouchsafed, Coleridge very astutely takes pains to avoid anything like geography. We reach that silent sea into which we are the first that ever burst, and that is sufficient for imaginative ends. It is enough that the world, as known to actual navigators, is left behind, and a world which the poet is free to colonize with the wildest children of his dreaming brain, has been entered. Thenceforward we cease to have any direct relations with the verifiable. Natural law is suspended : standards of probability have ceased to exist." (*William Watson, Excursions in Criticism.*)

* Cf. the device of the Minstrel in Scott's *Lay*.

ever possessed ‘your philosophy’ dreamers,” and “his odd and out-of-the-way reading in the old-fashioned literature of the marvellous—books like Purchas’s *Pilgrims*, early voyages like Hakluyt’s, old naturalists and visionary moralists like Burnet.” Then he was a psychologist, skilled in the subtler workings of the mind and is very successful in what he sets down as the main purpose of this poem:—“the exciting of the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature” so as to interest “the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany the situations of the poem, supposing them to be real.”† It must be noted, too, that, however unreal the general situation may be, the feelings of the hero are, many of them, as much within the range of ordinary human sympathy as anything in literature. The poem belongs to the weird yet not wholly so; and indeed in the edition of 1817, the crude horror and grotesqueness which were the outcome of a passing phase of fashion, are retrenched, and the author manifests a stronger confidence in the permanent elements of beauty and interest in his work. But, after all, it is not so much Coleridge the psychologist, or Coleridge the student of quaint and bygone literature, or even Coleridge the dreamer, as Coleridge the artist of the beautiful, that does most for the success of the poem. Note, first of all, the skill of his adaptation of the ballad form. The ballad, one of the most primitive and popular species of literature that survive, has marked characteristics that arose from the circumstances of its production. It was originally extemporized in the presence of an audience; on subsequent occasions reproduced partly from memory, partly under the inspiration of new listeners and new conditions; then transmitted from minstrel to minstrel, and reshaped by each. Thus there was finally evolved a composite product sometimes admirably fitted for immediate effect upon hearers who were neither subtle nor critical, but who did possess to the full all the fundamental and universal artistic capabilities of human nature. The ballad is, in consequence, stamped with marked excellences and very manifest defects. Coleridge reproduces the former, and even adapts the latter to his own purposes. In brevity and swiftness of development, his poem does not fall behind its model; and the rapid transitions of the ballad proper are eminently suitable for a series of pictures which charm by their strangeness and

† Note, for example, how the sense of strained and anxious attention is communicated in ll. 149 fol.; the effectiveness and truth of the representation of feeling in ll. 232-262, and in the simile at l. 446; and the natural touch of the yearning for homely repose at l. 601 fol.

novelty, but which are not intended to bear the scrutiny of the sceptical intellect. In concreteness and picturesqueness nothing can exceed this work; in a stroke or two, with unsurpassed brevity, a picture is conjured up in most vivid outlines before the mind, to be replaced in a moment by another and another in an almost uninterrupted panorama.* The variations in verse structure and in the stanza form often found in his models—in them the result of mere inadvertence or helplessness—are seized upon by Coleridge to give complexity and variety to a stanza which would grow monotonous in a long work. Indeed here, as elsewhere, in spite of what might supposed to be the limitations of his metrical formula, Coleridge shows himself a master of verse music.† The melody of the versification maintains the sense of pervading beauty in the poem, and this is further strongly reënforced by the pictures of nature which Coleridge has so freely lavished throughout his story. These give beauty, they give background, they intensify the sense of reality; above all, they are employed with the utmost art to produce the sense of contrast and relief in the more weird and painful scenes of the story.

Its Imaginative Unity.—These are some of the factors of the poet's success, but the effect is not merely the sum of these; the ultimate secret of the impression produced by *The Ancient Mariner*, is that every one of these components serves to intensify the others; it is the perfect unity of conception and execution. Its greatness depends in the poet's imaginative power, in virtue of which he can subordinate a vast number of details to single artistic conception. He surpasses, as Mrs. Oliphant points out, in his faithfulness to a single conception, and

* For example, count the number of vivid pictures that succeed one another in the first nine stanzas.

† "It is enough for us here that [he] has written some of the most poetical poetry in the language, and one poem, *The Ancient Mariner*, not only unparalleled, but unapproached in its kind, and that kind of the rarest. It is marvellous in the mastery over that delightfully fortuitous inconsequence that is the adamant logic of dreamland. Coleridge has taken the old ballad measure and given to it by an undefinable charm wholly his own, all the sweetness, all the melody and compass of a symphony. And how picturesque it is in the proper sense of the word. I know nothing like it. There is not a description in it. It is all picture. Descriptive poets generally confuse us with multiplicity of detail; we cannot see their forest for the trees; but Coleridge never errs in this way. With instructive tact he touches the right chord of association, and is satisfied, as we also are. I should find it hard to explain the singular charm of his diction, there is so much nicety of art and purpose in it, whether for music or for meaning. Nor does it need any explanation, for we all feel it." (*J. R. Lowell, Democracy and Other Addresses.*)

in the completeness of his execution of it; in the fashion in which everything which the poem embraces, is brought into a harmony under one dominant imaginative mood: "Like a great shadow moving noiselessly over the widest sweep of mountain and plain, a pillar of cloud—or like flight of indescribable fleecy hosts of winged vapours spreading their impalpable influence like a breath changing the face of the earth, subduing the thoughts of men, yet nothing and capable of no interpretation—such was the great poem destined to represent in the world of poetry the effect which these mystic cloud agencies have upon the daylight and the sky."* Even the moral of which Coleridge himself thought there might be too much, and which many critics find inadequate or unsatisfactory, is merely a chord in this imaginative symphony; it is not introduced for the prosaic purpose of teaching a lesson; that the reader should regard the moral as dominating the poem, would lead to a distortion of the whole effect, and lay the work open to criticism on grounds of unity and of truth. It is the Mariner, and not the poet, who draws the moral at the close; and its introduction serves an artistic and not a didactic purpose—to give a sense of repose and homeliness in which we may rest after the weirdness and excitement of the voyage. "Then comes," to quote Mrs. Oliphant again, "the ineffable half-childish, half-divine simplicity of those soft moralisings at the end, so strangely different from the tenor of the tale, so wonderfully perfecting its visionary strain. . . . This unexpected gentle conclusion brings our feet back to the common soil with a bewildered sweetness of relief and soft quiet," after the strain of the preceding narrative. But if we will not submit to the poet's witchcraft and will not be content with the exquisite world of fancy into which he introduces us, if we persist in regarding the poem as existing for the sake of the moral, then indeed we may object that there is something incongruous and untrue in the nexus of crime and punishment. Profound, practical truths may be embodied in poetry, which, if as perfect in execution as *The Ancient Mariner*, might doubtless lay claim to excellence of a higher order; but taking the poem for what on the face of it it is, we may well agree with the dictum of the author: "*The Ancient Mariner* can not be imitated, nor the poem *Love*. They may be excelled; they are not imitable."

*Mrs. Oliphant's *Literary History of England*.

COLERIDGE.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART I.

An ancient
Mariner meet-
eth three Gal-
lants bidden to
a wedding-feast,
and detaineth
one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?

“The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide, 5
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set :
May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,
“There was a ship,” quoth he. 10
“Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon !”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-
Guest is spell-
bound by the
eye of the old
seafaring man,
and constrained
to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years’ child : 15
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :
 He cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner :—

20

“The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner
 tells how the
 ship sailed
 southward with
 a good wind and
 fair weather, till
 it reached the
 line.

“The Sun came up upon the left,
 Out of the sea came he !
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea.

25

“ Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon ”—
 The Wedding-Guest nere beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

30

The Wedding-
 Guest heareth
 the bridal
 music ; but the
 Mariner con-
 tinueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
 Red as a rose is she ;
 Nodding their heads before her goes
 The merry minstrelsy.

35

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
 Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

40

The ship drawn
 by a storm
 towards the
 south pole.

“ And now the storm-blast came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong ;
 He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
 And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow, 45
 As who pursued with yell and blow
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,
 And forward bends his head,
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
 And southward aye we fled. 50

And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold :
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald.

The land of ice,
 and of fearful
 sounds, where
 no living thing
 was to be seen.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts 55
 Did send a dismal sheen :
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
 The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around : 60
 It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
 Like noises in a swound !

Till a great sea-
 bird, called the
 Albatross, came
 through the
 snow-fog, and
 was received
 with great joy
 and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross :
 Thorough the fog it came ;
 As if it had been a Christian soul, 65
 We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
 The helmsman steered us through ! 70

And lo ! the
 Albatross
 proveth a bird
 of good omen,
 and followeth
 the ship as it
 returned north-
 ward through
 fog and floating
 ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
 The Albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariners' holla !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, 75
 It perched for vespers nine ;
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmered the white moon-shine."

The ancient
 Mariner inhos-
 pitably killeth
 the pious bird
 of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
 From the fiends that plague thee thus !— 80
 Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
 I shot the Albatross!"

PART II.

The Sun now rose upon the right :
 Out of the sea came he,
 Still hid in mist, and on the left 85
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
 But no sweet bird did follow,
 Nor any day for food or play
 Came to the mariners' hollo ! 90

His shipmates
 cry out against
 the ancient
 Mariner, for
 killing the bird
 of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
 And it would work 'em woe ;
 For all averred, I had killed the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.
 Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay, 95
 That made the breeze to blow !

But when the
 fog cleared off
 they justify the
 same, and thus
 make them-
 selves accom-
 plices in the
 crime.

Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head,
 The glorious Sun uprist :
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird
 That brought the fog and mist. 100
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
 That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues ; the
 ship enters the
 Pacific Ocean,
 and sails north-
 ward, even till it
 reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow followed free ;
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea. 105

The ship hath
 been suddenly
 becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be ;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea ! 110

All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody Sun, at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean. 115

And the Albatross begins to
 be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
 And all the boards did shrink ;
 Water, water, everywhere,
 Nor any drop to drink. 120

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
 That ever this should be !
 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
 Upon the slimy sea. 125

A spirit had fol-
 lowed them ;
 one of the in-
 visible inhabi-
 tants of this
 planet, neither

About, about, in reel and rout
 The death-fires danced at night ;
 The water, like a witch's oils,
 Burnt green and blue and white. 130

departed souls
nor angels ;
concerning
whom the
learned Jew,
Josephus, and
the Platonic
Constantinopo-
litan, Michael
Psellus, may be
consulted.
They are very
numerous, and
there is no cli-
mate or element
without one or
more.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought, 135
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates,
in their sore
distress would
fain throw the
whole guilt on
the ancient
Mariner ; in sign
whereof they
hang the dead
sea-bird round
his neck.

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks 140
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the Cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time ! 145
How glazed each weary eye !

The ancient
Mariner behold-
eth a sign in the
element afar off.

When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist : 150
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
And as if it dodged a water-sprite, 155
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

At its nearer
approach, it
seemeth him to

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;

- be a ship ; and
 at a dear ran-
 som he freeth
 his speech from
 the bonds of
 thirst.
- Through utter drought all dumb we stood
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, A sail ! a sail !
- 160
- With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call :
- A flash of joy. Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.
- 165
- And horror fol-
 lows ; for can it
 be a ship that
 comes onward
 without wind
 or tide ?
- See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
 Hither to work us weal ;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel !
- 170
- The western wave was all a-flame,
 The day was well-nigh done !
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright Sun ;
 When that strange shape drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.
- 175
- It seemeth him
 but the skele-
 ton of a ship.
- And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace !)
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
 With broad and burning face.
- 180
- Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
 How fast she nears and nears !
 Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
 Like restless gossameres ?
- And its ribs are
 seen as bars on
 the face of the
 setting sun.
 The spectre-
 woman and her
- Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
 Did peer, as through a grate ?
 And is that Woman all her crew ?
- 185

death-mate,
and no other
on board the
skeleton ship.
Like vessel, like
crew !

Is that a Death ? and are there two ?

Is Death that woman's mate ?

Her lips were red, her looks were free, 190
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-
in-Death have
diced for the
ship's crew, and
she (the latter)
winneth the
ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came, 195
And the twain were casting dice ;
" The game is done ! I've won, I've won !"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight
within the
courts of the
sun.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ; 200
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of
the moon.

We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip ! 205
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steerman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star 210
Within the nether tip.

One after
another.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan, or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye. 215

His shipmates
drop down
dead.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-
Death begins
her work on the
ancient Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !

220

PART IV.

The Wedding-
guest feareth
that a spirit is
talking to him.

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

225

But the ancient
Mariner as-
sureth him of
his bodily life,
and proceedeth
to relate his
horrible pen-
ance.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.”—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

230

Alone, alone, all all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

235

He despiseth
the creatures of
the calm.

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie ;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

And envieth
that they should
live, and so
many lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

240

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray
 But or ever a prayer had gusht,
 A wicked whisper came, and made
 My heart as dry as dust. 245

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
 And the balls like pulses beat ;
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky, 250
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,
 And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse
 liveth for him
 in the eye of
 the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
 Nor rot nor reek did they :
 The look with which they looked on me 255
 Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
 A spirit from on high ;
 But oh ! more horrible than that
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye ! 260
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness
 and fixedness
 he yearneth to-
 wards the
 journeying
 moon, and the
 stars that still
 sojourn, yet still
 move onward ;
 and everywhere
 the blue sky be-
 longs to them,
 and is their
 appointed rest,
 and their native
 country and
 their own
 natural homes,
 which they enter
 unannounced,
 as lords that are
 certainly ex-
 pected, and yet
 there is a silent
 joy at their
 arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,
 And nowhere did abide ;
 Softly she was going up, 265
 And a star or two beside—
 Her beams bemooked the sultry main,
 Like April hoar-frost spread ;
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
 The charmed water burnt alway 270
 A still and awful red.

By the light of
the Moon he be-
holdeth God's
creatures of the
great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship.

I watched the water-snakes :

They moved in tracks of shining white,

And when they reared, the elfish light

275

Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship

I watched their rich attire :

Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,

They coiled and swam ; and every track

280

Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty
and their
happiness.

O happy living things ! no tongue

Their beauty might declare ;

A spring of love gushed from my heart,

He blesseth
them in his
heart.

And I blessed them unaware !

285

Sure my kind saint took pity on me,

And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins
to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray ;

And from my neck so free

The Albatross fell off, and sank

290

Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,

Beloved from pole to pole !

To Mary Queen the praise be given !

She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,

295

That slid into my soul.

By grace of the
holy Mother,
the ancient
Mariner is re-
freshed with
rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,

That had so long remained,

I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;

And when I awoke, it rained.

300

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank ;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs : 305
 I was so light—almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth
 sounds and
 seeth strange
 sights and com-
 motions in the
 sky and the
 element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
 It did not come anear ; 310
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
 To and fro they were hurried about ! 315
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
 And the rain poured down from one black cloud :
 The moon was at its edge. 321

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The moon was at its side :
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag, 325
 A river steep and wide.

The bodies of
 the ship's crew
 are inspirited,
 and the ship
 moves on :

The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on !
 Beneath the lightning and the moon
 The dead men gave a groan. 330

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered ; the ship moved on ; 335
 Yet never a breeze up-blew ;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do ;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew. 340

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee ;
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me.

but not by the
 souls of the
 men, nor by de-
 mons of earth
 or middle air,
 but by a blessed
 troop of angelic
 spirits, sent
 down by the in-
 vocation of the
 guardian saint.

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner ! ” 345
 Be calm thou Wedding-Guest !
 ’Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corpses came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms, 350
 And clustered round the mast ;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the sun ; 355
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the sky-lark sing ;
 Sometimes all little birds that are, 360

How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song, 365
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June, 370
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe ;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship, 375
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome
spirit from the
south pole
carries on the
ship as far as the
line, in obedi-
ence to the an-
gelic troop, but
still requireth
vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid ; and it was he
That made the ship to go. 380
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean ;
But in a minute she 'gan stir, 385
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound : 390

It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoon.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong ; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned,
Two voices in the air.

395

“Is it he ?” quoth one, “Is this the man ?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

400

“The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.”

405

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew :
Quoth he, “The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.”

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
What is the Ocean doing ?

410

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast ;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

415

If he may know which way to go ;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see ! how graciously
 She looketh down on him. 420

FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner
 hath been cast
 into a trance ;
 for the angelic
 power causeth
 the vessel to
 drive northward
 faster than
 human life
 could endure.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind ?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind. 425

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
 Or we shall be belated :
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner's trance is abated.

The super-
 natural motion
 is retarded ; the
 Mariner awakes,
 and his penance
 begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on 430
 As in a gentle weather :
 'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;
 The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter ; 435
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,
 That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
 Had never passed away :
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs, 440
 Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is
 finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt : once more
 I viewed the ocean green,
 And looked far forth, yet little saw
 Of what had else been seen— 445

Like one, that on a lonesome road
 Doth walk in fear and dread,
 And having once turned round, walks on,
 And turns no more his head ;
 Because he knows a frightful fiend 450
 Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
 Nor sound nor motion made :
 Its path was not upon the sea,
 In ripple or in shade. 455

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
 Like a meadow-gale of spring—
 It mingled strangely with my fears,
 Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, 460
 Yet she sailed softly too :
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
 On me alone it blew.

And the ancient
 Mariner behold-
 eth his native
 country.

Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
 The lighthouse top I see ? 465
 Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
 Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
 And I with sobs did pray—
 'O let me be awake, my God ! 470
 Or let me sleep alway.'

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
 So smoothly it was strewn !
 And on the bay the moonlight lay,
 And the shadow of the moon. 475

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
 That stands above the rock :
 The moonlight steeped in silentness
 The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light, 480
 Till rising from the same,
 Full many shapes, that shadows were,
 In crimson colours came.

The angelic
 spirits leave the
 dead bodies,

and appear in
 their own forms
 of light.

A little distance from the prow
 Those crimson shadows were : 485
 I turned my eyes upon the deck—
 Oh Christ ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
 And, by the holy rood !
 A man all light, a seraph-man, 490
 On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
 It was à heavenly sight !
 They stood as signals to the land,
 Each one a lovely light ; 495

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
 No voice did they impart—
 No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars, 500
 I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
 My head was turned perforce away,
 And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
 I heard them coming fast : 505
 Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
 The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :
 It is the Hermit good !
 He singeth loud his godly hymns 510
 That he makes in the wood.
 He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
 The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

The Hermit of
 the wood

This Hermit good lives in that wood
 Which slopes down to the sea. 515
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
 He loves to talk with marineres
 That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
 He hath a cushion plump : 520
 It is the moss that wholly hides
 The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
 "Why, this is strange, I trow !
 Where are those lights so many and fair, 525
 That signal made but now ?"

approacheth
 the ship
 with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith !" the Hermit said —
 "And they answered not our cheer !
 The planks look warped ! and see those sails,
 How thin they are and sere ! 530
 I never saw aught like to them,
 Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 My forest-brook along ;
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow, 535
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
 That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
 (The Pilot made reply)
 I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on !" 540
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I nor spake nor stirred ;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard. 545

The ship sud-
 denly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread :
 It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
 The ship went down like lead.

The ancient
 Mariner is
 saved in the
 Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, 550
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned
 My body lay afloat ;
 But swift as dreams, myself I found
 Within the Pilot's boat. 555

Upon the whirl where sank the ship,
 The boat spun round and round ;
 And all was still, save that the hill
 Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked 560
 And fell down in a fit ;

The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go, 565
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha ! ha !" quoth he, "full plain I see
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree, 570
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient
Mariner earnestly entreateth
the Hermit to
shrieve him ;
and the penance
of life falls on
him.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !"
The Hermit crossed his brow. 575
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou !"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ; 580
And then it left me free,

And ever and
anon through-
out his future
life an agony
constraineth
him to travel
from land to
land ;

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns :
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns. 585

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach. 590

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
 The wedding-guests are there ;
 But in the garden-bower the bride
 And bride-maids singing are :
 And hark the little vesper bell, 595
 Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
 Alone on a wide, wide sea :
 So lonely 'twas, that God himself
 Scarce seemèd there to be. 600

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
 'Tis sweeter far to me,
 To walk together to the kirk
 With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk, 605
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
 And youths and maidens gay !

and to teach, by his own ex- ample, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth. Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell 610
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
 He prayeth well who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things both great and small ; 615
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,

Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest 620
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn. 625

TENNYSON.

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

‘Courage!’ he said, and pointed toward the land,
‘This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.’
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon, 5
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke, 10
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro’ wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain tops, 15
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush’d: and, dew’d with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger’d low adown
In the red West: thro’ mountain clefts the dale 20
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border’d with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;

A land where all things always seemed the same !
And round about the keel with faces pale, 25
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them, 30
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores : and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ,
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake, 35
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave ; but ever-more 40
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, ' We will return no more ;'
And all at once they sang, ' Our island home
Is far beyond 'the wave ; we will no longer roam.' 45

CHORIC SONG.

I.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls

Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, 50
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep, 55
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness ?
All things have rest : why should we toil alone, 60
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings, 65
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
'There is no joy but calm !'
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ?

III.

Lo ! in the middle of the wood, 70
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow 75
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple waxing over-mellow,

Drops in a silent autumn night.
 All its allotted length of days, 80
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. 85
 Death is the end of life ; ah, why
 Should life all labour be ?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will last ? 90
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil ? Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave ? 95
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
 In silence ; ripen, fall and cease :
 Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

V.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem 100
 Falling asleep in a half-dream !
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;
 To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
 Eating the Lotos day by day, 105
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;

To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
 To muse and brood and live again in memory, 110
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our wives 115
 And their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd change :
 For surely now our household hearths are cold :
 Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes over-bold 120
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle ?
 Let what is broken so remain. 125
 The Gods are hard to reconcile :
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There *is* confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labour unto aged breath, 130
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
 With half-dropt eyelid still, 135
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly

His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine— 140
 To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

VIII.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak : 145
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek :
 All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus-dust
 is blown.
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we, 150
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was
 seething free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains
 in the sea.
 Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
 In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
 On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind. 155
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly
 curl'd
 Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
 world :
 Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
 Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps
 and fiery sands, 160
 Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
 and praying hands.
 But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the
soil, 165

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—
down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel. 170
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

'OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS.'

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet :
Above her shook the starry lights :
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice, 5
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race, 10
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks, 15
And, King-like, wears the crown :

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears ; 20

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes !

LOCKSLEY HALL.

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn :
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall ; 4

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West. 8

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time ; 12

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed :
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed :

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see ;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be. 16

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast ;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest ;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove ;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. 20

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, ' My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee.' 24

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes— 28

Saying, ' I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong ;'
Saying, ' Dost thou love me, cousin ? ' weeping, ' I have loved thee long.'

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands ;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands. 32

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might ;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the cospes ring,
And her whisper thron'd my pulses with the fulness of the Spring. 36

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy, mine no more !
O the dreary, dreary moorland ! O the barren, barren shore ! 40

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue !

Is it well to wish thee happy ?—having known me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine ! 44

Yet it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is : thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down. 48

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this ? his eyes are heavy : think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him : it is thy duty : kiss him : take his hand in thine. 52

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought :
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand ! 56

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth !
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth ! 60

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule !
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool !

Well—'tis well that I should bluster !—Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved. 64

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit ?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home. 68

Where is comfort ? in division of the records of the mind ?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind ?

I remember one that perish'd : sweetly did she speak and move :
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love. 72

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore ?
No—she never loved me truly : love is love for evermore.

Comfort ? comfort scorn'd of devils ! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things. 76 •

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall. 80

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whisper'd by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears ; 84

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow : get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace ; for a tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine ; a lip to drain thy trouble dry. 88

Baby lips will laugh me down : my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

- O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his : it will be worthy of the two. 92
- O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.
- 'They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffer'd'—Perish in thy self-contempt ! 96
- Overlive it—lower yet—be happy ! wherefore should I care ?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.
- What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these ?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys. 100
- Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy : what is that which I should do ?
- I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds are laid with sound. 104
- But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.
- Can I but relive in sadness ? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age ! 108
- Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life ;
- Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field, 112
- And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn ;
- And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men : 116
- Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new :
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do :
- For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be ; 120

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ; 124

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm ;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world. 128

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye ; 132

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint :
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point :

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire. 136

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's ? 140

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest. 144

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn :

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string ?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing. 148

Weakness to be wroth with weakness ! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain :

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine— 152

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat ;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd ;—
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward. 156

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise. 160

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag ;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea. 164

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing space
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race. 168

Iron jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun ;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books— 172

Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains ! 176

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime ?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon ! 180

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day :
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. 184

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun :
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet. 188

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall !
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt. 192

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow ;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me. 5
 I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
 Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
 Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all ; 15
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met ;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades 20
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me 25
 Little remains : but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
 This is my son, my own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—

Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 35
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, 45
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; 50
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep 55
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho' 65
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 70

‘AS THRO’ THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT.’

As thro’ the land at eve we went,
 And pluck’d the ripen’d ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I,
 O we fell out I know not why,
 And kiss’d again with tears. 5
 And blessings on the falling out
 That all the more endears,
 When we fall out with those we love
 And kiss again with tears !
 For when we came where lies the child 10
 We lost in other years,
 There above the little grave,
 O there above the little grave,
 We kiss’d again with tears.

‘SWEET AND LOW, SWEET AND LOW.’

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea !
 Over the rolling waters go, 5
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me ;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.
 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon ; 10
 Rest, rest, on mother’s breast,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon : 15
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

'THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS.'

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, 5
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing ! 10
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul, 15
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

'TEARS, IDLE TEARS, I KNOW NOT WHAT THEY
MEAN.'

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more. 5

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. 10

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more. 15

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more. 20

‘THY VOICE IS HEARD THRO’ ROLLING
DRUMS.’

Thy voice is heard thro’ rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands ;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands :
A moment, while the trumpets blow, 5
He sees his brood about thy knee ;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

‘HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR
DEAD.’

Home they brought her warrior dead :
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry :
All her maidens, watching, said,
‘She must weep or she will die.’

Then they praised him, soft and low, 5
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept, 10
Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears— 15
“Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

‘ASK ME NO MORE: THE MOON MAY
DRAW THE SEA.’

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea ;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape ;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee ?
Ask me no more. 5

Ask me no more : what answer should I give ?

I love not hollow cheek or faded eye :

Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !

Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;

Ask me no more.

10

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are seal'd :

I strove against the stream and all in vain :

Let the great river take me to the main :

No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;

Ask me no more.

15

ENOCH ARDEN.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ;

And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;

Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf

In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher

A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill ;

5

And high in heaven behind it a gray down

With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,

By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes

Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago, 10
 Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
 The prettiest little damsel in the port,
 And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
 And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
 Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd 15
 Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
 Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
 Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn ;
 And built their castles of dissolving sand
 To watch them overflow'd, or following up 20
 And flying the white breaker, daily left
 The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff :
 In this the children play'd at keeping house.
 Enoch was host one day, Philip the next, 25
 While Annie still was mistress ; but at times
 Enoch would hold possession for a week :
 'This is my house and this my little wife.'
 'Mine too,' said Philip 'turn and turn about :'
 When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made 30
 Was master : then would Philip, his blue eyes
 All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
 Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
 The little wife would weep for company,
 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake, 35
 And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
 And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
 Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
 On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love, 40
 But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl
 Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;

But she loved Enoch ; tho' she knew it not,
And would if asked deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes, 45
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie : and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe 50
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor ; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
From the dread sweep of the downstreaming seas : 55
And all men look'd upon him favourably :
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nest-like, halfway up
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill. 60

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
(His father lying sick and needing him) 65
An hour behind ; but as he climbed the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face 70
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life 75

Crept down into the hollows of the wood ;
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells, 80
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honourable toil ;
With children ; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish 85
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing up
Than his had been, or hers ; a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes, 90
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward ; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier and his face,
Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales, 95
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering. 100

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven : thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea ;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast 105
In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell :
A limb was broken when they lifted him ;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife

Bore him another son, a sickly one :
 Another hand crept too across his trade 110
 Taking her bread and theirs : and on him fell,
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
 To see his children leading evermore 115
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
 And her, he loved, a beggar : then he pray'd
 'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'
 And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance, 120
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go ?
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place? 125
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
 No graver than as when some little cloud
 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun, 130
 And isles a light in the offing : yet the wife—
 When he was gone—the children—what to do ?
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans ;
 To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
 How many a rough sea had he weathered in her ! 135
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
 And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
 Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
 With all that seamen needed or their wives—
 So might she keep the house while he was gone. 140
 Should he not trade himself out yonder ? go

This voyage more than once? yea, twice or thrice—
 As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
 Become the master of a larger craft,
 With fuller profits lead an easier life, 145
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,
 And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all :
 Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
 Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born. 150
 Forward she started with a happy cry,
 And laid the feeble infant in his arms ;
 Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
 Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,
 But had no heart to break his purposes 155
 To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
 Her finger, Annie fought against his will :
 Yet not with brawling opposition she,
 But manifold entreaties, many a tear, 160
 Many a sad kiss by day or night renew'd
 (Sure that all evil would come out of it)
 Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
 For her or his dear children, not to go.
 He not for his own self caring but her, 165
 Her and her children, let her plead in vain ;
 So grieving held his will, and bore it thro.'

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
 To fit their little streetward sitting-room 170
 With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
 Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,

Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang 175
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
 The space was narrow,—having order'd all
 Almost as neat and close as nature packs
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused ; and he,
 Who needs would work for Annie to the last, 180
 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
 Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man 185
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
 Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
 Whatever came to him : and then he said
 ' Annie, this voyage by the grace of God 190
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.'
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle 'and he,
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one,— 195
 Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
 And make him merry, when I come home again.
 Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go.' 200

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
 And almost hoped herself ; but when he turn'd
 The current of his talk to greater things
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard, 205
 Heard and not heard him ; as the village girl,

Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you are wise ; 210
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I
 That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.
 Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
 (He named the day) get you a seaman's glass, 215
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,
 'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
 Look to the babes, and till I come again,
 Keep everything shipshape, for I must go. 220
 And fear no more for me ; or if you fear
 Cast all your cares on God ; that anchor holds.
 Is He not yonder in those uttermost
 Parts of the morning ? if I flee to these
 Can I go from Him ? and the sea is His, 225
 The sea is His : He made it.'

Enoch rose,
 Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones ;
 But for the third, the sickly one, who slept 230
 After a night of feverous wakefulness,
 When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
 'Wake him not ; let him sleep ; how should the child
 Remember this ?' and kiss'd him in his cot.
 But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt 235
 A tiny curl, and gave it : this he kept
 Thro' all his future ; but now hastily caught
 His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She, when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain : perhaps 240
 She could not fix the glass to suit her eye ;
 Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous ;
 She saw him not : and while he stood on deck
 Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail 245
 She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him ;
 Then, tho' she mourned his absence as his grave,
 Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
 But throve not in her trade, not being bred
 To barter, nor compensating the want 250
 By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
 Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
 And still foreboding 'what would Enoch say ?'
 For more than once, in days of difficulty
 And pressure, had she sold her wares for less 255
 Than what she gave in buying what she sold :
 She failed and sadden'd knowing it ; and thus,
 Expectant of that news which never came,
 Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
 And lived a life of silent melancholy. 260

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
 Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
 With all a mother's care : nevertheless,
 Whether her business often called her from it,
 Or thro' the want of what it needed most, 265
 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
 What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
 After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly
 The little innocent soul flitted away. 270

In that same week when Annie buried it,
 Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
 (Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
 Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
 'Surely' said Philip 'I may see her now, 275
 May be some little comfort;' therefore went,
 Past thro' the solitary room in front,
 Paused for a moment at an inner door,
 Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
 Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief, 280
 Fresh from the burial of her little one,
 Cared not to look on any human face,
 But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
 Then Philip standing up said falteringly
 'Annie, I come to ask a favour of you.' 285

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply
 'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn
 As I am!' half abashed him; yet unask'd,
 His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
 He set himself beside her, saying to her: 290
 'I came to speak to you of what he wished,
 Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
 You chose the best among us—a strong man:
 For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
 To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'. 295
 And wherefore did he go this weary way,
 And leave you lonely? not to see the world—
 For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal
 To give his babes a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish. 300
 And if he come again, vext will he be
 To find the precious morning hours were lost.
 And it would vex him even in his grave,

If he could know his babes were running wild
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now— 305
 Have we not known each other all our lives?
 I do beseech you by the love you bear
 Him and his children not to say me nay—
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
 Why then he shall repay me—if you will, 310
 Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
 This is the favour that I came to ask.'

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
 Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face; 315
 I seem so foolish and so broken down.
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
 But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
 He will repay you: money can be repaid; 320
 Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd
 'Then you will let me, Annie?'

There she turn'd,
 She rose, and fixed her swimming eyes upon him, 325
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
 Then calling down a blessing on his head
 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
 And past into the little garth beyond.
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away. 330

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
 And bought them needful books, and every way,
 Like one who does his duty by his own,
 Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port, 335

He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
 And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
 Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
 The late and early roses from his wall,
 Or conies from the down, and now and then, 340
 With some pretext of fineness in the meal
 To save the offence of charitable, flour
 From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind :
 Scarce could the woman when he came upon her, 345
 Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.
 But Philip was her children's all-in-all ;
 From distant corners of the street they ran
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily ; 350
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they ;
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
 Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
 And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
 As Enoch lost ; for Enoch seem'd to them 355
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
 Down at the far end of an avenue,
 Going we know not where : and so ten years,
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land, 360
 Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
 To go with others, nutting to the wood,
 And Annie would go with them ; then they begg'd
 For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too : 365
 Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
 Blanch'd with his mill, they found ; and saying to him
 'Come with us father Philip' he denied ;

But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
He laugh'd and yielded readily to their wish, 370
For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her; and sighing 'Let me rest' she said; 375
So Philip rested with her well-content;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke 380
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour 385
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said
Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.'
'Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word. 390
'Tired?' but her face had fallen upon her hands;
At which as with a kind of anger in him,
'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite?' And Annie said 395
'I thought not of it: but—I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary.'

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long, 400

That tho' I know not when it first came there,
 I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
 It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
 That he who left you ten long years ago
 Should still be living ; well then—let me speak : 405
 I grieve to see you poor and wanting help :
 I cannot help you as I wish to do
 Unless—they say that women are so quick—
 Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
 I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove 410
 A father to your children : I do think
 They love me as a father : I am sure
 That I love them as if they were mine own ;
 And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
 That after all these sad uncertain years, 415
 We might be still as happy as God grants
 To any of His creatures. Think upon it :
 For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
 No burthen, save my care for you and yours :
 And we have known each other all our lives, 420
 And I have loved you longer than you know.'

Then answer'd Annie ; tenderly she spoke :
 ' You have been as God's good angel in our house.
 God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
 Philip, with something happier than myself. 425
 Can one love twice ? can you be ever loved
 As Enoch was ? what is it that you ask ?'
 ' I am content ' he answer'd ' to be loved
 A little after Enoch.' ' O ' she cried
 Scared as it were ' dear Philip, wait a while : 430
 If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long :
 Surely I shall be wiser in a year :

O wait a little !' Philip sadly said
 'Annie, as I have waited all my life 435
 I well may wait a little.' 'Nay' she cried
 'I am bound : you have my promise—in a year :
 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine ?'
 And Philip answer'd 'I will bide my year.'

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up 440
 Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead ;
 Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
 And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
 Up came the children laden with their spoil ; 445
 Then all descended to the port, and there
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
 Saying gently 'Annie, when I spoke to you,
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
 I am always bound to you, but you are free.' 450
 Then Annie weeping answer'd 'I am bound.'

She spoke ; and in one moment as it were,
 While yet she went about her household ways,
 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
 That he had lov'd her longer than she knew, 455
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
 And there he stood once more before her face,
 Claiming her promise. 'Is it a year ?' she ask'd.
 'Yes, if the nuts' he said 'be ripe again :
 Come out and see.' But she—she put him off— 460
 So much to look to—such a change—a month—
 Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
 A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hapd, 465
 'Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.

And Annie could have wept for pity of him ;
 And yet she held him on delayingly
 With many a scarce-believable excuse,
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance, 470
 Till half-another year had slipped away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
 Abhorrent of a calculation crost
 Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
 Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her ; 475
 Some that she but held off to draw him on ;
 And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
 As simple folk that knew not their own minds ;
 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
 Like serpent eggs together, laughingly 480
 Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
 Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish ;
 But evermore the daughter prest upon her
 To wed the man so dear to all of them
 And lift the household out of poverty ; 485
 And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
 Careworn and wan ; and all these things fell on her
 Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
 That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly 490
 Pray'd for a sign ' my Enoch is he gone ? '
 Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
 Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
 Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
 Then desperately seized the holy Book, 495
 Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
 Suddenly put her finger on the text,
 ' Under a palmtree.' That was nothing to her :
 No meaning there ; she closed the Book and slept :

When lo ! her Enoch sitting on a height, . 500
 Under a palmtree, over him the Sun :
 'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is happy, he is singing
 Hosanna in the highest : yonder shines
 The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
 Whereof the happy people strowing cried 505
 "Hosanna in the highest!"' Here she woke,
 Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
 'There is no reason why we should not wed.'
 'Then for God's sake,' he answer'd, 'both our sakes,
 So you will wed me, let it be at once.' 510

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
 She knew not whence ; a whisper on her ear, 515
 She knew not what ; nor loved she to be left
 Alone at home nor ventured out alone.
 What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
 Fearing to enter : Philip thought he knew : 520
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
 Being with child : but when her child was born,
 Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
 Then the new mother came about her heart,
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all, 525
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch ? prosperously sail'd
 The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth
 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext 530
 She slipt across the summer of the world,
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape

And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
 She passing thro' the summer world again,
 The breath of heaven came continually 535
 And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
 Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
 Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
 A gilded dragon also for the babes. 540

Less lucky her home-voyage : at first indeed
 Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
 Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows :
 Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable, 545
 Then baffling, a long course of them ; and last
 Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
 Till hard upon the cry of ' breakers ' came
 The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
 But Enoch and two others. Half the night, 550
 Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots ; 555
 Nor save for pity was it hard to take
 The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
 There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
 They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,
 Half hut, half native cavern. So the three, 560
 Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
 Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
 Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,

Lay lingering out a three years' death-in-life. 565
 They could not leave him. After he was gone,
 The two remaining found a fallen stem ;
 And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
 Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
 Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone. 570
 In those two deaths he read God's warning 'wait.'

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
 And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird, 575
 The lustre of the long convolvuluses
 That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the world,
 All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen 580
 He could not see, the kindly human face,
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd 585
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail : 590
 No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
 The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
 The blaze upon his island overhead ; 595
 The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,

The hollow-bellcwing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch, 600
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line ; 605
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs, 610
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells ; 615
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone, 620
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields, 625
Not yet had perished, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,

Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay : 630
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores 635
With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs 640
They knew not what : and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran ;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand ; 645
Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard :
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it :
And clothes they gave him and free passage home ; 650
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his county, or could answer him,
If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays, 655
The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath 660
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,

Pitying the lonely man and gave him it :
 Then moving up the coast they landed him, 665
 Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to anyone,
 But homeward—home—what home ? had he a home ?
 His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
 Sunny but chill ; till drawn thro' either chasm, 670
 Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray ;
 Cut off the length of highway on before,
 And left but narrow breadth to left and right
 Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage. 675
 On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down :
 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom ;
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light 680
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes 685
 In those far-off seven happy years were born ;
 But finding neither light nor murmur there
 (A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
 Still downward thinking 'dead or dead to me !'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went, 690
 Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
 A front of timber-crost antiquity,
 So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
 He thought it must have gone ; but he was gone
 Who kept it ; and his widow, Miriam Lane, 695

With daily-dwindling profits held the house ;
 A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
 Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
 There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous, 700
 Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
 Told him with other annals of the port,
 Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd
 So broken—all the story of his house.
 His baby's death, her growing poverty, 705
 How Philip put her little ones to school,
 And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
 Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
 Of Philip's child : and o'er his countenance
 No shadow past, nor motion : anyone, 710
 Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
 Less than the teller : only when she closed
 'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost'
 He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
 Repeated muttering 'cast away and lost ;' 715
 Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost !'

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again ;
 'If I might look on her sweet face again
 And know that she is happy.' So the thought
 Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth, 720
 At evening when the dull November day
 Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
 There he sat down gazing on all below ;
 There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by 725
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures

The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life. 730

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward ; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd :
And in it throve an ancient evergreen, 735
A yewtree, and all around it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs 740
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth :
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times, 745
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring 750
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd :
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him, 755
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee, 760

And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all, 765
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth. 770

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed, 775
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd. 780

'Too hard to bear ! why did they take me thence ?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer ! aid me, give me strength 785
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too ! must I not speak to these ?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never : no father's kiss for me—the girl 790
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
 And he lay tranced ; but when he rose and paced
 Back toward his solitary home again,
 All down the long and narrow street he went 795
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
 'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore 800
 Prayer from the living source within the will.
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's wife'
 He said to Miriam 'that you told me of, 805
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?'
 'Ay, ay, poor soul' said Miriam, 'fear enow !
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort ;' and he thought
 'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know, 810
 I wait his time' and Enoch set himself,
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd 815
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days ;
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself :
 Yet since he did but labour for himself,
 Work without hope, there was not life in it 820
 Whereby the man could live ; and as the year
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually

Weakening the man, till he could do no more, 825
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach 830
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking 'after I am gone,
 Then may she learn I loved her to the last.' 835
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
 'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
 Before I tell you—swear upon the book
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'
 'Dead,' clamour'd the good woman, 'hear him talk ! 840
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.'
 'Swear' added Enoch sternly 'on the book.'
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
 'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town ?' 845
 'Know him ?' she said 'I knew him far away.
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street ;
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.'
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her ;
 'His head is low, and no man cares for him. 850
 I think I have not three days more to live ;
 I am the man.' At which the woman gave
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
 'You Arden, you ! nay,—sure he was a foot
 Higher than you be.' Enoch said again 855
 'My God has bow'd me down to what I am ;
 My grief and solitude have broken me ;

Nevertheless, know you that I am he
 Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
 I married her who married Philip Ray. 860
 Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage,
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
 And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
 Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears, 865
 While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
 To rush abroad all round the little haven,
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes ;
 But awed and promise-bounden she forebore,
 Saying only 'See your bairns before you go ! 870
 Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose
 Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
 A moment on her words, but then replied :
 'Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
 But let me hold my purpose till I die. 875
 Sit down again ; mark me and understand,
 While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
 When you shall see her, tell her that I died
 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her ;
 Save for the bar between us, loving her 880
 As when she laid her head beside my own.
 And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
 So like her mother, that my latest breath
 Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
 And tell my son that I died blessing him. 885
 And say to Philip that I blest him too ;
 He never meant us any thing but good.
 But if my children care to see me dead,
 Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
 I am their father ; but she must not come, 890
 For my dead face would vex her after-life.

And now there is but one of all my blood,
 Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :
 This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it,
 And I have borne it with me all these years, 895
 And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;
 But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
 My babe in bliss : wherefore when I am gone,
 Take, give her this, for it may comfort her :
 It will moreover be a token to her, 900
 That I am he.'

He ceased ; and Miriam Lane
 Made such a voluble answer promising all,
 That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
 Repeating all he wish'd, and once again 905
 She promised.

Then the third night after this,
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
 There came so loud a calling of the sea, 910
 That all the houses in the haven rang.
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
 Crying with a loud voice 'a sail ! a sail !
 I am saved' ; and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away. 915
 And when they buried him the little port
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON.

PUBLISHED IN 1852.

I.

Bury the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall, 5

Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?

Here, in streaming London's central roar.

Let the sound of those he wrought for, 10

And the feet of those he fought for,

Echo round his bones for evermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,

As fits an universal woe,

Let the long long procession go, 15

And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,

And let the mournful martial music blow;

The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,

Remembering all his greatness in the Past. 20

No more in soldier fashion will he greet

With lifted hand the gazer in the street.

O friends; our chief state-oracle is mute:

Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute, 25
 Whole in himself, a common good.
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,
 Great in council and great in war, 30
 Foremost captain of his time,
 Rich in saving common-sense,
 And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.
 O good gray head which all men knew, 35
 O voice from which their omens all men drew,
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,
 O fall'n at length that tower of strength
 Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
 Such was he whom we deplore. 40
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
 The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

v.

All is over and done :
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 England, for thy son. 45
 Let the bell be toll'd.
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 And render him to the mould.
 Under the cross of gold
 That shines over city and river, 50
 There he shall rest for ever
 Among the wise and the bold.
 Let the bell be toll'd :
 And a reverent people behold
 The towering car, the sable steeds : 55

Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
 Dark in its funeral fold.
 Let the bell be toll'd :
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ;
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd 60
 Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;
 And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;
 He knew their voices of old.
 For many a time in many a clime
 His captain's-ear has heard them boom 65
 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom :
 When he with those deep voices wrought,
 Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
 With those deep voices our dead captain taught
 The tyrant, and asserts his claim 70
 In that dread sound to the great name,
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,
 In praise and in dispraise the same,
 A man of well-attemper'd frame.
 O civic muse, to such a name, 75
 To such a name for ages long,
 To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,
 And ever-ringing* avenues of song.

VI.

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest, 80
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with
 priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?
 Mighty Seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.

* See note on this line.

Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,	85
The greatest sailor since our world began.	
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,	
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;	
For this is he	
Was great by land as thou by sea ;	90
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;	
O give him welcome, this is he	
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,	
And worthy to be laid by thee ;	
For this is England's greatest son,	95
He that gain'd a hundred fights,	
Nor ever lost an English gun ;	
This is he that far away	
Against the myriads of Assaye	
Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;	100
And underneath another sun,	
Warring on a later day,	
Round affrighted Lisbon drew	
The treble works, the vast designs	
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,	105
Where he greatly stood at bay,	
Whence he issued forth anew,	
And ever great and greater grew	
Beating from the wasted vines	
Back to France her banded swarms,	110
Back to France with countless blows,	
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew	
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,	
Follow'd up in valley and glen	
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,	115
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,	
And England pouring on her foes.	
Such a war had such a close.	

Again their ravening eagle rose
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings, 120
 And barking for the thrones of kings ;
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
 On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
 A day of onsets of despair !
 Dash'd on every rocky square 125
 Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
 Thro' the long-tormented air
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and overthrew. 130
 So great a soldier taught us there,
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
 Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile, 135
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at all, 140
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame, 145
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
 Eternal honour to his name. 150

VII.

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers ;
 Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
 His Saxon* in blown seas and storming showers, 155
 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul 160
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ; 165
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust. 170
 Remember him who led your hosts ;
 He bad you guard the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 For ever ; and whatever tempests lour 175
 For ever silent ; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ; 180
 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;

* See note on this line.

Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
 Who never spoke against a foe ; 185
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
 All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
 Whatever record leap to light 190
 He never shall be shamed.

VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open hands 195
 Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
 Yea, let all good things await
 Him who cares not to be great,
 But as he saves or serves the state. 200
 Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory :
 He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes, 205
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which outreden
 All voluptuous garden-roses.
 Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory : 210
 He, that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward, and prevail'd,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled 215

Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
 Such was he : his work is done.
 But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand 220
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure :
 Till in all lands and thro' all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory :
 And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
 For many and many an age proclaim 226
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 And when the long-illumined cities flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him, 230
 Eternal honour to his name.

IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
 By some yet unmoulded tongue
 Far on in summers that we shall not see :
 Peace, it is a day of pain 235
 For one about whose patriarchal knee
 Late the little children clung :
 O peace, it is a day of pain
 For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung. 240
 Ours the pain, be his the gain !
 More than is of man's degree
 Must be with us, watching here
 At this, our great solemnity.
 Whom we see not we revere ; 245
 We revere, and we refrain
 From talk of battles loud and vain,

And brawling memories all too free
 For such a wise humility
 As befits a solemn fane : 250
 We revere, and while we hear
 The tides of Music's golden sea
 Setting toward eternity,
 Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
 Until we doubt not that for one so true 255
 There must be other nobler work to do
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,
 And Victor he must ever be.
 For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
 And break the shore, and evermore 260
 Make and break, and work their will ;
 Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
 Round us, each with different powers,
 And other forms of life than ours,
 What know we greater than the soul ? 265
 On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears : .
 The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ; 270
 He is gone who seem'd so great,—
 Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in State, 275
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him, 280
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade! 5
Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd? 10
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die: 15
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them 20
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell 25
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while 30
 All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke 35
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them, 40
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well 45
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade? 50
O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred ! 55

NOTES.

COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE was great both as a poet and as an abstract thinker. His poetical activity is included mainly within the first thirty years of his life, and, as it is with the poet that we are here concerned, his philosophical work and the latter half of his life will here be touched upon very briefly. There is no biography in the annals of English literature that gives the reader a profounder and sadder sense of wasted opportunities and wasted powers than that of Coleridge. His achievement in poetry is exquisite and unique, his criticism more suggestive and inspiring than that of any other English writer, his philosophical thinking had a wide and far-reaching influence, yet we feel all this is but a meagre result in comparison with what his extraordinary intellectual endowments seemed to promise.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born the 21st October, 1772, at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, where his father, the Rev. John Coleridge, was vicar of the parish and master of the Free Grammar School. The father was an interesting man with a lack of fitness for the practical affairs of life, with a love of learning, and a bent towards pedantry—all of which he transmitted to his famous son. A glance in the *Dictionary of National Biography* at the number of descendants of this eccentric parson who have distinguished themselves in various spheres, will amply demonstrate that the poet came of no ordinary stock. Samuel was the youngest of a family of thirteen, and was, in consequence, a spoiled child. "So," he writes (*Letters I*, p. 11), "I became fretful and timorous, and a tell-tale; and the schoolboys drove me from play, and were always tormenting me, and hence I took no pleasure in boyish sports, but read incessantly. . . . So I became a dreamer, and acquired an indisposition to all bodily activity; and I was fretful and inordinately passionate, and, as I could not play at anything, and was slothful, I was despised and hated by the boys; and, because I could read and spell and had, I may truly say, a memory and understanding forced into almost an unnatural ripeness, I was flattered and wondered at by all the old women. And so I became very vain, and despised most of the boys that were at all near my own age, and before I was eight years old I was a character. Sensibility,

imagination, vanity, sloth, and feelings of deep and bitter contempt for all who traversed the orbit of my understanding were even then prominent and manifest."

After the sudden death of his father, the boy was sent, in April, 1792, to the famous Blue-coat School, Christ's Hospital. With this event his domestic life seems to have come to an end; even his holidays were not spent at home. His sensitive and imaginative nature was submitted to the harsh discipline of a great boarding-school, a community of some three hundred boys, situated in the very heart of London.* At school Coleridge formed some warm friendships, the most important and permanent being that with Charles Lamb. He showed himself an apt scholar, and in 1788 was one of those selected by the headmaster to be specially trained for the University Scholarships. As in childhood, so in boyhood, he was precocious and imaginative; we hear little or nothing of games, but much of poetry and metaphysics. In the latter he was indeed, if we are to trust his own statements, a juvenile prodigy; and these statements receive confirmation from Lamb: "Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young *Mirandula*), to hear thee unfold in thy deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity boy*."† These "preposterous pursuits" were by no means altogether wholesome either for the boy's mental or moral development, and he narrates how he was rescued from the lassitude in which they left him, through meeting with the poems of a certain Mr. Bowles. These were a very minor outcome of that tide of influence which revolutionized literature in the latter half of the Eighteenth century, and which found more adequate expression in the works of Cowper and Burns—writers who were at this date unknown to Coleridge. What attracted him to the sonnets of Bowles was their emotional quality, their sincerity and directness, and the love for nature

* For light upon the character of his school life see *Biographia Literaria*, Chap. I, the fifth of Coleridge's collected *Letters*, and Lamb's *Essays on Christ's Hospital*.

† Lamb's *Christ's Hospital Five-and-thirty Years Ago*.

which they displayed, as distinguished from the conventionality and intellectualism that had long been characteristic of English poetry. This discovery so kindled his enthusiasm that, not having money to purchase copies, he made forty transcriptions as presents for his friends. Although he had long been a writer of verses, the work of Bowles stimulated his poetic activity, and from this point we may date the beginning of his poetic career.

Having been successful in winning a scholarship, Coleridge in October, 1791, went into residence at Jesus College, Cambridge. Presently he wins the Browne gold medal for a Greek ode and is a likely candidate for a Craven scholarship. But released from the stricter discipline of school he soon began to exhibit his innate tendency to dissipate his energies, or at least to devote them to anything rather than that which it was his plain duty and interest to do. At the same time his speculative tendencies led him to sympathize with the revolutionary views, in these years rife in France and elsewhere, both in politics and religion. This would not recommend him in the eyes of those in authority. He seems to have fallen into irregular courses; and in December, 1793, he suddenly left college and enlisted. For this step the main cause was, probably, debts; a contributory one may have been disappointment in a passion which he had, since Christ's Hospital days, cherished for Mary Evans, the sister of a school-mate. In course of time his whereabouts becoming known to his friends, they bought his discharge; and in April, 1794, with many expressions of contrition, he resumed his life at college; but it is little likely that he ever again really settled down to his proper studies. In the following summer, on a visit to Oxford, he became acquainted with Robert Southey; the two young men had a kindred interest in poetry and in revolutionary ideas; a warm friendship grew up between them, and Coleridge visited Southey's home at Bristol. In their ardour for social reform they begot a scheme for the regeneration of the world which they called "Pantisocracy." "Twelve gentlemen of good education and liberal principles are to embark with twelve ladies in April next," fixing themselves in some delightful part of the new back settlements of America. The labour of each man for two or three hours a day it was imagined would suffice to support the colony. The produce was to be common property, there was to be a good library, and the ample leisure was to be devoted to study, discussion, and the education of the children on a settled system. The women were to be employed in taking care of the infant children and in other suitable occupations, not neglecting the cultivation of their

minds. . . . 'They calculate that every gentleman providing £125 will be sufficient to carry the scheme into execution.'*** Various young enthusiasts were found who professed themselves willing to embark in this undertaking. The necessary funds Coleridge proposed to furnish from the proceeds of literary work, and meanwhile he secured the requisite female companion by becoming engaged to Miss Sarah Fricker, whose sister was betrothed to Southey. This step he took, although during the summer he had suffered keenly from his first passion, which by an accidental encounter with Mary Evans had been kindled into new violence. Such schemes as these were not likely to conduce to regular academic work; and in December he finally left the university without taking his degree. About the same time a report of Miss Evans' approaching marriage awakened the old feelings in all their strength. We find him in London forgetful of the practical issues of life, and of his engagement to Miss Fricker, writing sonnets† on distinguished personages for the *Morning Chronicle*, and solacing himself with the companionship of Lamb. This condition of things was brought to an end by the energetic Southey, who came in person to London and carried Coleridge back to Bristol—to Pantisocracy and Miss Fricker.

With his residence in Bristol, Coleridge's mature life begins. He was profoundly interested now, as always, in great public questions, and proposed to disseminate his ideas and win a livelihood by lectures and by writing. His portrait is outlined (probably with sufficient truth) by a lady who met him at this time: "A young man of brilliant understanding, great eloquence, desperate fortune, democratic principles, and entirely led away by the feelings of the moment." Having quarrelled with Southey (with whom he lodged) because of Southey's desertion of Pantisocracy, and having been promised by a Bristol bookseller, Cottle, a guinea-and-a-half for every one hundred lines of his poetry, he, in October, 1795, married Miss Sarah Fricker. The wedded pair established themselves at Clevedon, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, in a cottage commemorated in the poem entitled *The Eolian Harp*. His married life was, at the outset, happy; Coleridge was conscious of his powers, and this consciousness may well have been strengthened by the impression which he produced upon nearly all who met him—an impression largely due to the suggestiveness and eloquence of his conversation. He was overflowing with hope and with visionary projects, and the world seemed full of promise. Cottle was bringing

* Dykes Campbell's summary of Poole's account of the scheme.

out a collection of his poems (published April, 1796); but to provide a steady source of income he started a periodical entitled *The Watchman*. To this latter scheme Coleridge's dilatoriness and unbusiness-like habits, in two months and a half, proved fatal. Some friends, with the wealthy tanner Poole at their head, presented a considerable sum of money to tide the poet over his financial difficulties. After abandoning various plans,—for going to London as an editor, for teaching, etc.,—Coleridge, at length, on the last day of 1796, took up his abode in a small cottage at Nether Stowey that he might be near his friend Poole, and that he might carry into effect his latest dream of making a livelihood from literature and agriculture combined. “*My farm* will be a garden of one acre and a half, in which I mean to raise vegetables and corn enough for myself and wife, and feed a couple of snouted and grunting cousins from the refuse. My evenings I shall devote to literature; and, by reviews, the magazine, and other shilling-scavenger employments, shall probably gain forty pounds a year; which economy and self-denial, gold-beaters, shall hammer till it covers my annual expenses.” Thus began the happiest and by far the most fruitful period in Coleridge's life. A large element in its happiness and the main stimulus to its fruitfulness was companionship with William and Dorothy Wordsworth. The two young poets had already met, but a visit to the Wordsworths in June, 1797, was the beginning of close intimacy. They were drawn together by similar pursuits, hopes, feelings, and ideas. Coleridge was employed upon a tragedy, *Osorio*, Wordsworth upon another, *The Borderers*. Coleridge writes that he feels himself a “little man” by Wordsworth's side, and thinks his friend the greatest man he ever knew. The impression on the other side is recorded in Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal: “He [Coleridge] is a wonderful man. His conversation teems with soul, mind, and spirit. Then he is so benevolent, so good-tempered and cheerful, and, like William, interests himself so much about every little trifle. At first I thought him very plain, that is, for about three minutes: he is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth, longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough black hair. But, if you hear him speak for five minutes, you think no more of them. His eye is large and full, and not very dark, but grey—such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind; it has more of the ‘poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling’ than I ever witnessed. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead.” We may add to this, a description of himself which Coleridge had sent to a correspondent not many months earlier: “As to my shape, 'tis good enough if measured, but

my gait is awkward, and the walk of the whole man indicates *indolence capable of energies*. I am, and ever have been, a great reader, and have read almost everything—a library cormorant. I am *deep* in all out-of-the-way books, whether of the monkish times, or of the puritanical era. I have read and digested most of the historical writers; but I do not *like* history. Metaphysics and poetry, and ‘facts of mind,’ that is, accounts of all the strange phantoms that ever possessed ‘your philosophy’ dreamers, from Thoth the Egyptian to Taylor the English pagan, are my darling studies. In short, I seldom read except to amuse myself, and I am almost always reading. Of useful knowledge, I am a so-so chemist, and I love chemistry. All else is *blank*; but I *will* be (please God) a horticulturist and a farmer. I compose very little, and I absolutely hate composition, and such is my dislike that even a sense of duty is too weak to overpower it. . . . In conversation I am impassioned, and oppose what I deem error with an eagerness which is often mistaken for personal asperity; but I am ever so swallowed up in the *thing* that I perfectly forget my opponent.”

In the course of the summer, Coleridge’s visit was returned; and in August the Wordsworths were successful in renting a country house at Alfoxden, among the Quantock Hills, and only three miles from Nether Stowey. The friends were almost daily together. The result upon Coleridge was not merely to stimulate his poetic power but to give a new character to his poetry, especially in its use of, and attitude towards, nature. Almost all Coleridge’s best work in poetry was written in this and the following year, *e.g.*: *The Ancient Mariner*, the first part of *Christabel*, *This Lime-tree Bower my Prison*, *The Nightingale*, *Ode to France*, *Kubla Khan*, *Frost at Midnight*, etc.

Meanwhile Coleridge’s pecuniary difficulties continued to harass him. He had some thoughts of taking charge of a Unitarian congregation, when the two brothers Wedgewood, sons of the famous potter, unsolicited, offered him an annuity of £150 for life without conditions, with the purpose of enabling him to devote himself exclusively to his literary and philosophical work. Thus released at least from immediate financial pressure, Coleridge in company with Wordsworth and Dorothy set out for study in Germany, September, 1798. In the same month the *Lyrical Ballads* was published; though one of the most notable volumes in the development of English poetry, it attracted no great attention. The poems by Coleridge which it contained were *The Ancient Mariner*, *The Nightingale*, *The Foster Mother’s Tale* and *The Dungeon*; Wordsworth’s contributions were much more numerous and occupied something like two-thirds of the book.

In Germany Coleridge and the Wordsworths separated, and the former during the nine months of his sojourn devoted himself to gaining familiarity with the language, literature, and people of the country. Some years later he became a diligent student of the latest developments of its philosophy. He thus prepared himself for one of his distinctive services—that of being a pioneer in the work of introducing German literature, and German critical and philosophical tendencies and ideas into the intellectual life of England.

At his return home in the summer of 1799 Coleridge had not attained his twenty-seventh year, yet already his poetic activity was nearly at an end and his best days were behind him. The weaknesses which were to prove disastrous had already won an ascendancy over him:—dilatoriness, visionariness, inability to settle down to any one task, or to persist in any fixed course of life. His energies were wasted in sketching plausible and magnificent designs which he lacked continuity of purpose to complete. What he did subsequently achieve, was mostly work written for the moment under the pressure of pecuniary need, or hastily and imperfectly finished because procrastinated to the last moment. We can only in the briefest fashion outline these thirty-five years of weakness and misery, of broken purposes and fragmentary accomplishment.

After his arrival in England he occupied himself with newspaper work in London, and with making a poetical version of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, pronounced to be one of the best translations in the language and superior even to the original. Abandoning, in a few months, his connections with the press, he settled in the summer of 1800 at Keswick, in the Lake country, that he might be near Wordsworth. His health, which had never been good, began to be seriously impaired; he suffered intensely from rheumatic pains; and in order to get relief resorted to laudanum, of which he had probably made dangerously free use for some years back. The natural result followed; before 1803 he had become a slave of opium. The physical and mental effects of this indulgence rapidly intensified the natural weaknesses of his character. To the other troubles, domestic infelicity was soon added. Coleridge and his wife lacked common tastes, interests and sympathies; on her side there are said to have been faults of temper; that on his side he might give cause for such faults, is sufficiently apparent. Though a deeply affectionate father, home became more and more distasteful to him. Of his own weakness, of the frittering away of his powers and time, he was fully conscious. A profound discouragement over-

whelmed him ; his letters have the tone of premature old age. His state of mind is depicted with extraordinary power in the latest of his great poetic achievements, the *Ode on Dejection*, written April 4th, 1802. "No sadder cry from the depths," writes Mr. Dykes Campbell, "was ever uttered even by Coleridge, none more sincere, none more musical. He felt that poetically he was dead, and that if not dead spiritually, he had lost his spiritual identity." In 1803 he began a trip through Scotland in company with William and Dorothy Wordsworth. But the companionship even of these, his dearest friends, was in his morbid state unendurable to him ; he quitted them and completed the journey on foot and alone. With the idea that he might be benefited by a warmer climate he sailed to Malta in the spring of 1804. There and in Italy he remained for some two years, and won, as elsewhere and always, warm friends. Though during some months he acted as secretary to the Governor of Malta, his morbid mental and physical condition is abundantly manifest in his correspondence. In August, 1806, he landed in England, as he writes, "ill, penniless and worse than homeless." For some time he neither returned home nor communicated with his family.

It 1808 he carried out a plan which had long been in his mind of giving a course of lectures in London on Shakespeare and Milton ; and subsequently in various years similar courses were given. The lectures inevitably suffered under the usual drawbacks ; their preparation was either delayed to the last moment, or, sometimes, altogether omitted. Being unwritten, they were dependent on the circumstances of the moment, were more or less desultory, and varied between excellence and positive dulness. Yet little justice as he did to himself in these lectures, the inadequate short-hand reports of such as have been preserved, suffice to show (in the words of Mr. Campbell) "that Coleridge's audiences probably heard the finest literary criticism which has ever been given in English."

At times there were intervals of amendment in Coleridge's mental and physical condition, and in one of these periods, in 1808, he began the publication of a periodical entitled *The Friend*, which, of course, was a failure. In 1810, through certain misunderstandings, Coleridge lost what was one of the chief of his few remaining sources of happiness and satisfaction, the friendship of the Wordsworths. From this date to the year 1816 extends the darkest period of his life. Nearly all his old friends were alienated ; he was involved in debt ; his sources of income were most precarious—writing for the daily press, lecturing,

and the gifts of those who admired or loved him. In 1812 Josiah Wedgewood withdrew his half of the annuity which had been granted in 1798; the other half had been secured to Coleridge on the death of Thomas Wedgewood some years before. This part of his income Coleridge had all along devoted to the maintenance of his wife and family. A transient gleam of prosperity fell upon his path in the same year when his drama entitled *Remorse* (in reality the old play of *Osorio* rewritten), put upon the stage through the good offices of Byron, proved a decided success, and brought upwards of £400 to the author.

De Quincey, who himself bestowed an anonymous gift of £300 upon Coleridge, has said: "Beyond all men who ever perhaps have lived, [Coleridge] found means to engage a constant succession of most faithful friends. He received the services of sisters, brothers, daughters, sons, from the hands of strangers attracted to him by no possible impulses but those of reverence for his intellect and love for his gracious nature. Perpetual relays were laid along his path of life of zealous and judicious supporters." So it was now; if old friends were alienated, others took their place. With special devotion did a certain Mr. and Mrs. Morgan tend him during this melancholy time; with them he lived almost continuously from 1810 to 1816; his own home he did not even visit during the last twenty-two years of his life. Amidst so many causes for depression, the chief cause of all, the opium habit, gained an even greater ascendancy. To the misery which this slavery caused, he gives expression in a letter to Cottle, dated April 26th, 1814: "For ten years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger staring, but the consciousness of my GUILT worse, far worse than all. I have prayed with drops of agony on my brow, trembling not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. 'I gave thee so many talents, what hast thou done with them?' . . . Had I but a few hundred pounds, but £200—half to send to Mrs. Coleridge, and half to place myself in a private madhouse where I could procure nothing but what a physician thought proper, and where a medical attendant could be constantly with me for two or three months (in less than that time life or death would be determined), there might be hope. Now there is none! O God! how willingly would I place myself under Dr. Fox, in his establishment; for my case is a species of madness, only that it is a derangement, an utter impotence of the volition and not of the intellectual faculties. You bid me rouse myself; go bid a man paralytic in both arms to rub them briskly

together and that will cure them. 'Alas,' he would reply, 'that I cannot move my arms is my complaint and my misery.'” The plan indicated in this extract Coleridge did have the strength of will to carry out in April, 1816. By the advice of a distinguished medical authority he put himself under the care and control of Mr. James Gillman, a surgeon of Highgate. Beneath this physician's roof he spent the remaining eighteen years of his life—broken in health, with a certain weakness of volition, with a dreaminess and vagueness in his processes of thought which precluded him from attaining the best results from his intellectual work, yet in comparative and increasing placidity,—busy after his own fashion, producing a certain number of books, and exercising a greater influence, perhaps, by his extraordinary talk, which attracted to him many thoughtful men, especially of the younger generations. His chief publications of these later years were, in 1817, a collected edition of his poems entitled *Sibylline Leaves*, and his *Biographia Literaria*, the most interesting of his prose writings, though desultory and uneven; the *Aids to Reflection* (1825) which is one of the main sources of the Broad Church development in the Church of England; and *On the Constitution in Church and State*, which is said to have been a factor in the High Church movement. As the last two works indicate, his later interest was largely centred on religious questions; he had long ceased to be a Unitarian and become a strong adherent and apologist of the national church. Moreover, he believed himself in possession of an original and far-reaching philosophical system which he was forever striving to embody in what was to be his *magnum opus*; but it is probably, here as elsewhere, he mistook vague and disjointed visions for a perfected system. In his later years, pleasant relations were resumed with the members of his own family and with the Wordsworths. In July 1834 his life found a peaceful and not unwelcome close. “A brief dawn of unsurpassed promise and achievement (Mr. Dykes Campbell thus sums up); ‘a trouble’ as of ‘clouds and weeping rain’; then a long summer evening’s work done by ‘the setting sun’s pathetic light’—such was Coleridge’s day.”

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Text.—First published anonymously in *Lyrical Ballads*, September, 1798; various changes were made in the text of this poem in the second edition (1800) of the *Lyrical Ballads*; and again when it was for the first time published among Coleridge's own poems in *Sibylline Leaves*.

Composition.—Wordsworth, in 1843, dictated to Miss Fenwick the following account of the origin of this poem : “ In the autumn of 1797 he [Coleridge], my sister, and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Linton and the Valley of Stones near to it ; and, as our united funds were very small, we agreed to pay the expense of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the ‘ New Monthly Magazine,’ set up by Phillips the bookseller, and edited by Dr. Aikin. Accordingly we set off, and proceeded along the Quantock Hills towards Watchet ; and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of the *Ancient Mariner*, founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge’s invention ; but certain parts I myself suggested ; for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime, and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvock’s *Voyages*, a day or two before, that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet : ‘ Suppose,’ said I, ‘ you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.’ The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time, at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous after-thought. We began the composition together, on that to me memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular :

‘ And listen’d like a three years’ child,
The Mariner had his will.’

These trifling contributions all but one, which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded, slipped out of his mind, as they well might. As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening), our respective manners proved so widely different, that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog.” Such are the concrete facts ; in his *Biographia Literaria*, chap. xiv, Coleridge, characteristically, gives the philosophical side of the inception of

the poem :—"During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of Nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of the imagination. The sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset, diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of Nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and the agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

"In this idea originated the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads*, in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand."

In Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (p. 14) it is stated that Coleridge 'brought his ballad [*The Ancient Mariner*] finished' on March 23rd, 1798.

Sources.—The beauty and power of *The Ancient Mariner* are wholly due to Coleridge himself, but it is not uninteresting to note where he got suggestions for the material which he has so exquisitely woven into a

unity. If we can trust Wordsworth's memory, the germ was a dream of a neighbour, Mr. Cruikshank. The idea of the albatross was suggested by Wordsworth from Shelvocke's *Voyages* (see extract from this book on note to l. 63 below); this fact is emphasized in a statement made to the Rev. A. Dyce : [The idea of] "shooting an albatross was mine ; for I had been reading Shelvocke's *Voyages*, which probably Coleridge never saw." It is probable that Coleridge obtained various hints from another account of a voyage by a certain Captain Thomas James which was published in 1633 : *Strange and Dangerous Voyage . . . in his intended Discovery of the North-West Passage into the South Sea*. The following passages from this book are quoted in Mr. Dykes Campbell's notes as most likely to have given suggestions to the poet : 'All day and night, it snowed hard' (p. 11) ; 'The nights are very cold, so that our rigging freezes' (p. 15) ; 'It proved very thicke foule weather, and the next day by two a Clocke in the morning we found ourselves incompassed about with Ice' (p. 6) ; 'We had Ice not farre off about us, and some pieces as high as our Top-mast-head' (p. 7) ; 'We heard . . . the butt against a banke of Ice that lay on the shoare. It made a hollow and hideous noyse, like an over-fall of water, which made us reason among ourselves concerning it, for we were not able to see about us, it being darke night and foggie' (p. 8) ; 'The Ice . . . crackt all over the Bay, with a fearfull noyse' (p. 77). Finally, in a letter of a certain Paulinus, Bishop of Nola in the Fourth century (which it is quite possible Coleridge may have read), there is a narrative of a shipwreck of which an old man is the sole survivor ; the ship was navigated by a crew of angels to the Lucanian shore, where the fishermen, taking the angels for soldiers, ran away from the ship until recalled by the old man, who showed them he was alone. So much for the material ; the form and general conception of the poem were derived from the old ballads familiar to Coleridge in the collection which had been published by Bishop Percy in 1765, entitled *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

Ancient is used sometimes in the sense of 'aged,' e.g., Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, IV, iv, 76 : "The year growing ancient ;" the word as used here is doubtless also intended (as Dr. Sykes notes in his edition of this poem) to suggest not merely that the Mariner was aged, but also that he belonged to the olden times.

The **Gloss** in the margin should not be overlooked ; it sometimes throws light upon the narrative and is, as Pater says, "a composition of quite a different shade of beauty and merit from that of the verse which it accompanies, connecting this, the chief poem of Coleridge, with

his philosophy, and emphasizing in it that psychological element of which I have spoken, its curious soul-lore."

1. The opening is in the manner of several ancient ballads, *e.g.*, *The Friar of Orders Gray* (Percy's *Reliques*):

It was a friar of orders gray
Walkt forth to tell his beades.

3. Strange oaths are characteristic of mediæval times; in the *Tale of Gamelyn*, formerly ascribed to Chaucer, the porter swears "by Goddes berde"; that swearing by the beard was not uncommon, seems to be indicated by Touchstone's words to the ladies in *As You Like It*, I, ii;

Swear by your beards that I am a knave.

11. loon. 'A base fellow'; cf. *Macbeth*, V, iii, "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon."

12. eftsoons. 'Forthwith'; an obsolete word which gives a poetic flavour.

46. **who** was originally an interrogative, but is found as an indefinite in later English; "Who steals my purse, steals trash," *Othello*, III, iii; "And I will set this foot of mine as far As who goes farthest," *Julius Caesar*, I, iii.

47. still. 'Continually,' 'ever'; cf. *Tempest*, I, ii, "The still-vexed Bermoothes."

55. cliffs. 'Cliffs.' The *New English Dictionary* quotes this passage under the head of 'clift' a form of 'cleft' a fissure; but the same authority states that 'clift' is also a by-form of 'cliff' due to confusion between that word and 'clift' a fissure, and is commonly found from 16th to the 18th century; it quotes from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* and *Robinson Crusoe*, I, iii. See also *Isaiah*, lvii, 5: "Slaying the children in the valleys under cliffs of the rocks."

ken. Usually 'know,' but here 'perceive.'

swound. Archaic and provincial for 'swoon.'

63. Albatross. "The common albatross is the largest of web-footed birds, measuring four feet in length and ten to seventeen feet in spread of wings. It is often seen at a great distance from land, and abounds in the southern seas; often approaches very near vessels and follows for a considerable time." (*Chamber's Encyclopædia*.) The use which the poet makes of the bird was probably suggested by a passage in Shelvocke's *Voyage round the World*: "One would think it impossible that anything living could subsist in so rigid a climate [neighbourhood of Cape

Horn]; and indeed, we all observed, that we had not the sight of one fish since we were come to the Southward of the streights of *le Mair*, not one sea-bird, except a disconsolate black *Albitross*, who accompanied us for several days, hovering about us as if lost himself, till Hatley (my second Captain) observing, in one of his melancholy fits, that the bird was always hovering near us, imagined from his colour that it might be some ill omen. That which, I suppose, induced him the more to encourage his superstition was the continued series of contrary, tempestuous winds which had oppressed us ever since we had got into this sea. But be that as it would, after some fruitless attempts, at length, shot the *Albitross*, not doubting (perhaps) that we should have a fair wind after it."

64. **Thorough** and 'through' are variants of the same word and originally employed indifferently, but in course of time each has been assigned a function of its own.

69. **thunder-fit**. "Fit," a paroxysm in a disease, hence transferred (as here) to any sudden, violent and transitory activity.

76. **vespers**. Commonly "evening prayers" (cf. ll. 595-6 of this poem), but here in its etymological sense 'evenings.'

PART II.

91. The use of 'and' at the beginning of sentences, and its frequent repetition are characteristic of the old ballads, as of all simple and naïve writing; cf. children's compositions.

92. **'em**. 'Hem,' originally dative plural of the third personal pronoun of which 'the,' 'his,' 'her,' and 'it' are survivals.

111. **All**. An intensive adverb to the phrase which follows; cf. Gay's *Black-eyed Susan*, "All in the Downs the fleet was moored."

127. **rout**. A company or troop, with the associated idea, perhaps, of tumult and disorder.

128. **death-fires**. Luminous appearances supposed to be seen above dead bodies.

133. **gloss**. The references to authorities are inserted to give a mediæval colour. *Josephus*, the well-known Jewish historian (lived in the first century A. D.), does not specially treat of spirits or angels, but *Michael Psellus*, a philosopher of Constantinople who lived in the 11th century, wrote concerning spirits in his *περὶ ἐνεργείας δαιμόνων διάλογος*.

139. **well a-day.** Supposed corruption of the old interjection "Wel-away" which, in turn, comes from "wā lā wā," *i.e.*, woe lo woe; common in earlier literature.

For nowe is my dear husband slayne,
Alas! and wel-a-way!

PART III.

152. **I wist.** This phrase has probably arisen from confusion of the old adverb 'gewiss,' later form 'ywiss' or 'i-wiss,' meaning 'certainly,' with the verb 'witan' to know, present tense 'wat,' preterit 'wiste.'

164. **Gramercy** in accordance with its etymology (O. Fr. *grant merci*, great thanks) means 'thanks,' and in this sense is common in old ballads.

In regard to the use which Coleridge makes of it in the text (as an exclamation = 'mercy on us') the *New English Dictionary* says: "Johnson, 1755, who regards this word as a shortened form of *grant me mercy* gives this as the only application of the word; but both his examples belong to the sense ['thanks']." The *Dictionary* states that (while there are one or two cases which might seem to show that the word was actually used as Johnson says) the later cases (in Coleridge, Scott, etc.) may be merely based on Johnson's interpretation.

164. **they for joy did grin.** "I took the thought of '*grinning for joy*' from my companion's remark to me, when we had climbed to the top of Plinlimmon, and were nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak, from the constriction, till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me 'You grinned like a idiot!' He had done the same." (*Coleridge's Table Talk, May 31st, 1830.*)

167. fol.; cf. Scott, *Rokeby* II, xi:

that Phantom Ship whose form
Shoots like a meteor through the storm.

In his note Scott says that this is an allusion to "a well known nautical superstition." For literary use of the same idea cf. Marryat's novel *The Phantom Ship* and Longfellow's *Ballad of Carmilhan* (*Tales of a Wayside Inn*).

184. **gossameres.** Filmy substances spun by small spiders floating in the air or spread over a grassy surface. According to the *New English Dictionary* the etymology is 'goose summer,' possibly meaning later summer when the geese fly, during which time their films are most abundant.

188. **a Death.** An embodiment of death in the form of a skeleton ;
cf. *Merchant of Venice*, II, viii, 63 :

What have we here ?
A carrion death within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll.

193. **Night-mare** is originally a spirit that oppresses people in sleep.

198. Sailors have superstitions in regard to whistling, as is shown by the well-known recipe of whistling in order to bring a wind.

210-212. "It is a common superstition among sailors that something evil is about to happen whenever a star dogs the moon." (*Coleridge's MS. Note.*) But of course a star is never seen *within* the tip of the moon.

PART IV.

226-227. "For the last two lines of this stanza I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed." (*Coleridge's note in the edition of 1817.*)

245. **or ever.** 'Or' is often used in earlier English where we would employ 'before.'

254. **reek.** Properly to emit vapour ; the reference here is rather to smell.

274, fol. The reference is to the familiar phenomenon of phosphorescence on the sea caused by the presence of minute organisms. Any one who has crossed the ocean has observed the streams of light that break away from the sides of the vessel as she strikes the waves ; the water-snakes are represented as producing a similiar effect.

288-291. *Part IV*, the central portion of the poem, contains the catastrophe, or turning point, of the story ; this is made to depend on a moral change wrought in the heart of the hero, and this change is represented (in harmony with ideas very prominent in Wordsworth's teaching) as being brought about by the contemplation of the beauty of nature (cf. the gloss at l. 263).

289. **so free.** A species of phraseology very common in ballads : cf. *Adam Bell* (Percy's *Reliques*), ll. 97-8 :

Then spake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough so free.

PART V.

292. **silly.** The word meant originally 'happy,' 'blessed,' then 'simple,' hence 'foolish.' Some editors consider it has its original sense here; but, more probably, there is a reference to the uselessness and absurdity of buckets under the conditions described.

314. **sheen.** Coleridge has already (l. 56) employed this word as a noun. It is much more commonly an adjective, as here.

fire-flags. This is usually interpreted 'flashes of lightning,' but 'fire-flag' seems a very inappropriate representation of a lightning flash. The *New English Dictionary* gives the meaning "a meteoric flame," and quotes this passage; but to the present writer it seems much more likely that the reference is to electric phenomena. At the South pole, as at the North, the aurora appears and the word *fire-flags*, as well as the whole description in this stanza, is much more appropriately applied to this than to either of the other appearances. In the article in *Chamber's Encyclopædia* on the aurora, it is said: "The ray seldom keeps the same form for any length of time; but undergoes continual changes, moving eastward and westward, and *fluttering like a ribbon agitated by the wind.*"

337. **'gan.** The word, which is common in early poetry, has been erroneously supposed to be an abbreviation of 'began,' hence the apostrophe.

362. **jargoning.** 'Jargon' in modern usage indicates confused sounds without any suggestion of beauty, but in earlier English it was applied specially to the chattering of birds.

383. The spirit from the South pole, which in obedience to the heavenly powers had been moving the ship northward, cannot pass the equator; so that the sun, which at this point is directly overhead seems to fix the ship to the spot.

399. In imitation of the old ballads; cf. *Adam Bell*, Pt. II, ll. 29-30:

"Here commeth none in," sayed the porter,

"By Hym that dyed on a tre."

407. **honey-dew.** A sugary substance found on leaves in drops like dew; but it is not so much the thing itself as the suggestiveness of its name which leads the poet to allude to it here.

PART VI.

435. **charnel-dungeon.** A 'charnel' is a receptacle for dead bodies (*L. caro, carnis*).

455. Cf. Tennyson's *The Lady of Shalott* :

Little breezes dusk and shiver.

The darkening of water by the breaking of the reflection through a ripple on the surface is an everyday phenomenon.

467. **countree**. The accentuation of the last syllable is archaic (cf. French *contrée*).

473. **strewn**. "Outspread" (*Sykes*), perhaps rather "spread evenly with level light" (*Bates*).

480, fol. The mariner is looking out on the water, and sees the reflections first ; then he turns and sees the spirits themselves on the deck.

489. **rood**. 'Cross' ; common in earlier English.

490. **a seraph-man**. Seraphim are represented in *Isaiah*, vi, as standing beside the throne of God. Later writers, and Milton following them, apply the name to the highest order of angels ; etymologically the word was thought to be connected with the idea of fire.

512. **shrieve**. An old form of 'shrive,' to confess, absolve, and impose penance.

PART VII.

517. **marineres**. In the edition of 1798 the word was spelt thus throughout ; abandoned as other needless archaisms in the later editions, it is here retained on account of the rhyme.

524. **I trow**. I think ; a very common phrase in earlier English.

535. **ivy-tod**. "Tod" is a bush usually of ivy.

540. **a-feared**. Now a colloquialism and vulgarism, but good archaic English. Very common in Shakespeare, *e.g.*, *Macbeth*, V, i, 41 : "A soldier and afeared !"

552-553. Owing to the formation of gases through decomposition, the body of one drowned is likely after some lapse of time to rise to the surface.

570. **all**. See note on l. 111.

577. Biblical phraseology ; cf. *Matthew*, viii, 27 ; "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him."

585. Cf. *Luke*, xxiv, 32 : "Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way."

590. **I teach**. Simply 'I tell.'

NOTES ON TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON was the third son of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, rector of Somersby, a small village in Lincolnshire not far from the sea-coast. Though in the neighbourhood of the fen country, Somersby itself lies "in a pretty pastoral district of sloping hills and large ash trees." "To the north rises the long peak of the wold, with its steep white road that climbs the hill above Thetford; to the south, the land slopes gently to a small deep-channelled brook, which rises not far from Somersby and flows just below the parsonage garden." The scenery of his native village and its neighbourhood, where he spent his youth and early manhood,—the scenery of wold, and fen, and sandy coast—made a deep impress on the poet's mind, and is reflected again and again in his earlier writings. In the parsonage of Somersby, which was then the only considerable house in the little hamlet, Alfred was born August 6th, 1809. His father was a man of ability, with intellectual and artistic interests; books were at hand, and the three elder boys not only became great readers, but from childhood were accustomed to write original verses. The life of the Tennysons was a somewhat secluded one; Alfred was naturally shy, with a bent towards solitary and imaginative pursuits. These tendencies may have been fostered by the character of his early education. He was not sent to a great public school, like most English boys of his class, but attended the village school at Somersby, then the grammar school at the neighbouring town of Louth, and was finally prepared for entering college by home tuition. Already before he had become an undergraduate, he was an author, having, along with his elder brother Charles, written a volume entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*, which was published at Louth in 1827 by a local bookseller. The work is creditable to such youthful poets (the poems contributed by Alfred were composed between his fifteenth and his seventeenth year), but more remarkable for the absence of marked immaturity than for the presence of positive merits. The breadth of the authors' reading is attested by quotations prefixed to the various pieces: Cicero, Ovid, Virgil, Terence, Lucretius, Sallust, Tacitus, Byron, Cowper, Gray, Hume, Moore, Scott, Beattie and Addison being all put under contribution.

In 1828 Charles and Alfred entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where the eldest brother, Frederick, was already a student. There the Tenny-

sons were associated with some of the most brilliant and promising of their contemporaries. Alfred formed an especially warm friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam, a young man of extraordinary endowments, whose premature death he subsequently commemorated in *In Memoriam*. In 1829 Tennyson won the Chancellor's prize for English verse by a poem on "Timbuctoo," where for the first time in his work, there is some promise of future excellence, and some faint touches of his later style. Next year his poetic career may be said really to have begun with a small volume entitled *Poems Chiefly Lyrical*, which in such poems as *Claribel*, *The Dying Swan*, *Mariana*, and *The Poet*, clearly exhibits some of his characteristic qualities. The volume was favourably reviewed by Leigh Hunt and Hallam, but severely criticized by "Christopher North" in *Blackwood*. In the same year the author embarked on a very different undertaking, going with Hallam to Spain in order to carry, to the revolutionists there, money and letters from English sympathizers. In 1831 his college career was brought to a close by the death of his father, and he returned to Somersby. Here he completed a second volume of poems, published in 1832. This marks another advance in poetic art, and contains some of his most characteristic pieces: *The Lady of Shalott*, *Oenone*, *The Palace of Art*, *The Miller's Daughter*, *The Lotos-Eaters*, *The Two Voices*. It should be remembered, however, that several of these do not now appear in their original form, and that much of their perfection is due to revisions later than 1832. This volume, as well as its predecessor, was severely criticized, especially by the *Quarterly*. But although in this article justice was not done to the merits of the volume, the strictures upon defects were in the main well grounded, as the poet himself tacitly acknowledged by omitting or amending in subsequent editions the objectionable passages. Another result of the hostility of the critics was that Tennyson, who was always morbidly sensitive to criticism even from the most friendly source, ceased publishing for almost ten years, except that verses from his pen occasionally appeared in the pages of Literary Annuals. This ten-years silence is characteristic of the man, of his self-restraint and power of patient application—potent factors in the ultimate perfection of his work.

The sudden death of his friend Hallam, in September 1833, plunged Tennyson for a time in profound sorrow, but was doubtless effective in maturing and deepening his emotional and intellectual life. The poet's sister had been betrothed to Hallam; over the household at Somersby, of which Alfred, in the absence of his elder brothers,

was now the head, there gathered a deep gloom. The feelings and ideas which centred about this great sorrow of his youthful days, the poet soon began to embody in short lyrics; these through successive years grew in number and variety, and finally took shape in what by many is considered Tennyson's greatest work, *In Memoriam*.

It was in 1836, when Charles Tennyson was married to Louisa Sellwood, that in all probability Alfred fell in love with the bride's sister, to whom, in course of time he became engaged. The small fortune which he had inherited was insufficient to provide a maintenance for a married pair; poetry, to which he had devoted his life, seemed unlikely ever to yield him a sufficient income. Yet, characteristically enough, Tennyson neither attempted to find a more lucrative profession, nor even departed from his resolve to refrain from again seeking public notice until his genius and his work had become fully matured. In consequence, the friends of his betrothed put an end to the correspondence of the lovers; and a long period of trial began for the poet, when his prospects in love, in worldly fortune, in poetic success, seemed almost hopelessly overcast. In 1837 the family removed from Somersby to High Beech in Epping Forest, then to Tunbridge Wells, and then to the neighbourhood of Maidstone. The change of residence brought Tennyson into closer proximity with the capital, and henceforward, he frequently resorted thither to visit old friends like Spedding, and gradually became personally known in the literary circles of London. Among other notable men he met with Carlyle, found pleasure in the company of this uncouth genius and his clever wife, and, in turn, was regarded with unusual favour by a keen-eyed and censorious pair of critics. Tennyson was one of the very few distinguished men whose personality impressed Carlyle favourably. The account which the latter gives of Tennyson in a letter to Emerson, dated August 1844, is worth quoting at length:—

"Moxon informs me that Tennyson is now in Town, and means to come and see me. Of this latter result I shall be very glad. Alfred is one of the few British and Foreign Figures (a not increasing number, I think!) who are and remain beautiful to me—a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, Brother! However, I doubt he will not come; he often skips me in these brief visits to Town; skips everybody, indeed; being a man solitary and sad, as certain men are, dwelling in an element of gloom,—carrying a bit of chaos about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into Cosmos. Alfred is the son of a Lincolnshire Gentleman Farmer, I think; indeed you see in his verses that he is a native of 'moated granges,' and green flat pastures, not of mountains and their torrents and storms. He had his breeding at Cambridge, as for the Law or Church; being master of a small annuity on his Father's decease, he preferred clubbing with his Mother and some

Sisters, to live unpromoted and write poems. In this way he lives still, now here, now there; the family always within reach of London, never in it; he himself making rare and brief visits, lodging in some old comrade's rooms. I think he must be under forty—not much under it. One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical metallic—fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous: I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe! We shall see what he will grow to. He is often unwell; very chaotic—his way is through Chaos and the Bottomless and Pathless; not handy for making out many miles upon."

Meanwhile, in 1842, two years before this letter was written, Tennyson gave conclusive evidence of the power that was in him, by the publication of two volumes containing, in the first place, a selection from the poems of 1830 and of 1832, and, secondly, a large number of new pieces. Among the latter are *Morte d'Arthur*, *Ulysses*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, *The Talking Oak*, *Locksley Hall*, *Dora*, *St. Simeon Stylites*, *St. Agnes' Eve*, "Break, break, break," and the three poems "You ask me why," "Of old sat Freedom," "Love thou thy land." Such pieces as these represent the mature art of their author, and some of them he never surpassed. It was about the time of the publication of these volumes that the fortunes of their author reached their lowest point. The failure of a manufacturing scheme in which he had invested all his means left him penniless. "Then followed," says his son and biographer, "a season of real hardship, and many trials for my father and mother, since marriage seemed to be further off than ever. So severe a hypochondria set in upon him that his friends despaired of his life. 'I have,' he writes, 'drunk one of those most bitter draughts out of the cup of life, which go near to make men hate the world they live in.'" But, at length, the fates became propitious. In the first place the excellence of the collected poems of 1842 rapidly won general recognition; during his ten years of silence Tennyson's reputation had been steadily growing, the two volumes of 1842 set it upon a firm basis. From that day to this, he has held the first place in general estimation among contemporary poets. In 1845 Wordsworth pronounced him "decidedly the first of our living poets"; in the same year the fourth edition of the *Poems* of 1842 was called for, and the publisher, Moxon, said that Tennyson was the only poet by the publication of whose works he had not been a loser. Further, in 1845, the prime minister, Sir Robert Peel, through the intervention of Tennyson's old college friend Milnes (Lord Houghton), conferred upon him a pension of £200

a year. This was a timely relief to pecuniary difficulties which were at this date very embarrassing. *The Princess*, his first long work, was published in 1847. Through a fanciful story of a Princess who founds a university for women, it gave a poetical presentation and solution of the 'woman question'; but rather disappointed, at the time, the high expectations excited by the earlier writings. On the other hand, *In Memoriam*, which appeared in 1850, has from the beginning been considered one of the finest products of his genius. It consists of a series of lyrics giving utterance to various moods and thoughts to which the great sorrow of his youth had given birth. These had been carefully elaborated during a long period, are extraordinarily finished in their expression and are fuller of substance than any other of the more ambitious works of their author. No other poem so adequately represents the current thought and average attitude of Tennyson's generation in regard to many of the great problems of the time. In the year of the publication of *In Memoriam*, the laureateship, rendered vacant by the death of Wordsworth, was bestowed upon its author. In the same year his marriage with Emily Sellwood took place. They had been separated from one another for ten years; Tennyson's age was forty-one, the bride's thirty-seven. But their fidelity was rewarded. "The peace of God," Tennyson said, "came into my life before the altar when I married her"; and indeed the remainder of the poet's long life, apart from the death in the first years of manhood of his second son, is a record of happiness and success such as does not fall to the lot of many men.

After a tour in Italy the Tennysons in 1853 took up their residence at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, which was henceforth their home, and the poet entered upon a period of sure and increasing popularity and growing worldly prosperity. He never relaxed, however, even in advanced old age, his strenuous poetic industry; hence a long series of works of a high order of merit, of which we will mention only the more important. In 1855, *Maud*, a lyrical monodrama, was published, about which critical opinion was then and still remains greatly divided, though the poet himself regarded it with special favour. In 1857, Bayard Taylor visited Tennyson at his home and records his impressions: "He is tall and broad-shouldered as a son of Anak, with hair, beard, and eyes of Southern darkness. Something in the lofty brow and aquiline nose suggests Dante, but such a deep, mellow chest-voice never could have come from Italian lungs. He proposed a walk, as the day was wonderfully clear and beautiful. We climbed the steep comb

of the chalk cliff, and slowly wandered westward until we reached the Needles, at the extremity of the Island, and some three or four miles distant from his residence. During the conversation with which we beguiled the way, I was struck with the variety of his knowledge. Not a little flower on the downs, which the sheep had spared, escaped his notice, and the geology of the coast, both terrestrial and submarine, were perfectly familiar to him. I thought of a remark that I had once heard from the lips of a distinguished English author [Thackeray] that Tennyson was the wisest man he knew."

Tennyson, as such poems as *The Lady of Shalott* and *Morte d'Arthur* show, had been early attracted by the legendary tales of King Arthur, which to several poets had seemed a rich storehouse of poetical material. About the year 1857 he began to occupy himself specially with these legends; and from this time on until the middle seventies his chief energy was given to the composition of a series of poems from these sources, which were ultimately arranged to form a composite whole, entitled the *Idylls of the King*. These poems proved very acceptable to the general taste, and the poet began to reap a fortune from the sale of his works. Of the volume published in 1862, entitled *Enoch Arden*, which mainly consisted of English Idyls, sixty thousand copies were rapidly sold. This, perhaps, marks the height of his popularity.

In 1875 he entered on a new field with the publication of an historical drama, *Queen Mary*, followed in 1876 by a similar work, *Harold*, and by other dramatic pieces in later years. In the drama Tennyson was less successful than in any other department which he attempted, and this lack of success gave rise to a widespread feeling that his powers were now in decline. Such a conclusion was most decisively negatived by the appearance of *Ballads and Other Poems* in 1880, where he returned to less ambitious and lengthy but more congenial forms—a collection which Mr. Theodore Watts terms "the most richly various volume of English verse that has appeared in [Tennyson's] century." At intervals until the very close of his long life, he produced similar miscellaneous collections of poems: *Tiresias and Other Poems*, 1885, *Demeter and Other Poems*,* 1889, *The Death of Oenone and Other Poems*, 1892. Some of the pieces contained in these miscellanies were doubtless the gleanings of earlier years; but in others there were qualities which clearly showed them to be the

* Twenty thousand copies of this book were sold within a week..

products of a new epoch in a genius that went on changing and developing even in advanced old age. In the most characteristic pieces, *The Revenge*, *The Relief of Lucknow*, *Rizpah*, *Vastness*, etc., there is a vigour and dramatic force absent in his earlier work, with less of that minute finish and elaborate perfection of phrase which is so often his chief merit. On the other hand, in *Freedom*, *To Virgil*, and *Crossing the Bar*, we have poems in the more familiar Tennysonian style, not a whit inferior to similar compositions in the volumes of his prime. In 1884 Tennyson was raised to the peerage as Baron of Aldworth and Farringford. The first part of his title was derived from a second residence which he had built for himself in Surrey, choosing a very retired situation in order that he might escape the idle curiosity of tourists. In 1886, the second great sorrow of his life befell Tennyson; his younger son, Lionel, died on the return voyage from India, where he had contracted a fever.

To Tennyson's continued mental vigour in advanced old age, his works bear testimony; his bodily strength was also little abated. "At eighty-two," his son reports, "my father preserved the high spirits of youth. He would defy his friends to get up twenty times quickly from a low chair without touching it with their hands while he was performing this feat himself, and one afternoon he had a long waltz with M—— in the ball room." This vigour was maintained almost to the very close of his long life. It was the sixth of October, 1892, when the great poet breathed his last. "Nothing could have been more striking than the scene during the last few hours," writes his medical attendant. "On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window; his hand clasping the Shakespeare which he had asked for but recently, and which he had kept by him to the end; the moonlight, the majestic figure as he lay there, 'drawing thicker breath,' irresistibly brought to our minds his own 'Passing of Arthur.'" "Some friends and servants came to see him. He looked very grand and peaceful with the deep furrows of thought almost smoothed away, and the old clergyman of Lurgashall stood by the bed with his hands raised, and said, 'Lord Tennyson, God has taken you, who made you a prince of men. Farewell!'"

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

First published among the poems of 1832; in the edition of 1842 important changes were made. The germ of the poem is contained in a few lines of the *Odyssey*, ix., 82, fol.—“But on the tenth day we set foot on the land of the Lotos-eaters, who feed on food of flowers. . . . I sent forward ship mates to go and ask what manner of men they might be who lived in the land by bread, having picked out two men, and sent a third with them to be a herald. And they went their way forthwith and mixed with the Lotos-eaters; so the Lotos-eaters plotted not harm to our ship mates, but gave them of lotos to eat. But whoever of them ate the honey-sweet fruit of the lotos, no longer was he willing to bring back tidings or to come back; but there they wished to abide, feeding on the lotos with the lotos-eaters, and all forgetful of home.”

In this passage the poet found the situation, and the suggestion of languor, of indifference to active life and the ties of affection. He creates a charming landscape in harmony with, and lending emphasis to, the mood of the central human figures. The poem is largely descriptive, but the description is not intended merely to bring pictures before the mental vision, but to express a human mood and experience; this gives an interest and elevation which are absent from mere material descriptions which are apt soon to weary.

The opening part of the poem is written in Spenserian stanza; the large compass and slow musical movement of this stanza fit it especially for detailed description.

Lotus was a name applied to several different species of plants; it is supposed that the species referred to in the story of the *Odyssey* is the *Zizyphus Lotus*, a low thorny shrub bearing fruit about the size of a sloe, with sweet farinaceous pulp.

1. **he said.** The leader of the band, *i.e.*, Ulysses.

9. The movement of the verse with its three marked pauses and “the length and soft amplitude of the vowel sounds with liquid consonants,” as Mr. Roden Noel remarks, happily echoes the sense. Cf. Milton’s

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve
A summer’s day.

19. The sunset seemed to linger as if charmed by the beautiful scene which it was leaving.

21. **yellow down.** *Downs* are rolling hills (see note on *Lady of Shalott*, l. 3). It has been suggested that the downs are *yellow* because

of the evening light, but in that case the mountains would be yellow also, whereas, the colour seems to mark out the 'down' from the rest of the landscape; further, ll. 15-18 seem to show that the sun was so low as only to touch the *tops* of the mountains. The *down* is probably, therefore, yellow from the character of vegetation upon it, perhaps covered with the yellow-flowered lotus.

23. **galingale.** "Generally used of *Cyperus Longus*, one of the sedges; but the *Papyrus* species is here intended" (Palgrave). The papyrus is a sedge, growing in still pools, rising some 8 or 10 feet above the water.

34. The voices of the dead were supposed to be shrill and weak; so Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi., 492, speaks of their voices as *exiguam vocem*, so Theocritus, xiii., 59. Shakespeare (*Hamlet I.*, 1) says: "the sheeted dead Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

38. The sun was setting in the west, the moon rising in the east (see l. 7).

CHORIC SONG.

The narrative stanza of Spenser is now changed to the varied metre of a choral ode, to suit the varying feelings to which lyric expression is to be given. The theme is the folly of struggle with the difficulties of life—let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die.

49. **gleaming** refers, according to Rowe and Webb, to the reflections of light from particles of mica, quartz, etc., in the granite; but doubtless, as Dr. Sykes notes, the reference is to the reflections of the light of the sky upon the water.

56. The narcotic properties of the poppy (from one species opium is made) associate it with sleep.

66. **slumber's holy balm.** Macbeth (Act ii., 1) speaks of "the innocent sleep balm of hurt minds."

73. Cf. *Matthew*, vi., vv. 25 fol.

102. **amber light.** See l. 19.

106. **crisping ripples.** "Wavelets that curl at the edges. Cf. *Claribel*, 'The babbling runnell crispeth.' Milton has 'crisped brooks' in *Par. Lost*, iv." (Rowe and Webb).

106-7. These two lines exemplify Tennyson's power of presenting the minuter phenomena of nature in picturesque phrase.

120. **island princes**, etc. "The princes of Ithaca and the neighbouring islands, which were their homes." The state of things represented in ll. 120-123 did, according to the *Odyssey*, exist in Ithaca.

amaranth. A fabulous flower which (as the etymology indicates) never faded, so Milton speaks of "immortal amaranth," *Par. Lost*, iii., 353.

moly. Another fabulous plant with magic virtues, given by Hermes to Ulysses as a counter-charm to the draught of Circe. Cf. *Ody.*, x., 305, and Milton, *Comus*, 636.

134. **lowly** is used as if the adverbial form from "low," as in *The Lady of Shalott*, 146.

139. **dewy echoes.** The epithet is vague but suggestive, after the manner of Keats; dewy cannot properly be applied to echoes; it seems to suggest the sound of waterfalls dashing into spray.

142. **wov'n acanthus-wreath divine.** 'Through the masses of acanthus foliage.' *Acanthus*, a plant with graceful pendant leaves whose form is familiar to us in the capital of Corinthian columns.

149. Note the metrical effect produced by beginning the lines with the stressed syllable; this gives an animation in keeping with a change of tone in the singers, who now make up their minds as to their course.

153. **equal mind.** A classic phrase; cf., Horace, *Od.*, ii., 3,

aequam memento rebus in arduis
servare mentem.

154. **hollow.** 'Consisting of a valley,' or 'full of valleys'; cf. opening description.

155. **fol.** The calmness and indifference of the Gods was a notion of the Epicureans and is depicted by Lucretius.

156. **nectar** and ambrosia was the proper diet of the Olympian divinities.

167. **little dues.** The small returns which they get from sowing the seed; etc.

168. **hell.** 'Hades' where Greek story represents Ixion, Tantalus. etc., suffering endless torments.

169. **Elysian valleys.** *Elysium* or the Elysian fields is described in Homer as the habitation of heroes after death—the Greek heaven (see *Ody.*, iv., 563).

170. **asphodel.** See note on *Oenone*, l. 95.

‘OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS.’

1-4. Of old, freedom was not actually realised in human society, but existed as an ideal out of the reach of man ; so the poet represents her as dwelling on the heights amidst the unfettered play of the great forces of nature.

6. ‘Self-contained and prepared for that future growth of liberty which she foresees.’

7-8. ‘Earlier men had some partial perception and experience of freedom.’

15-16. The poet has in mind, perhaps, the common representation of Britannia with the trident in her hand to symbolize the dominion of the sea. The trident is the symbol of Neptune, hence “God-like.” Cf. also the common representation of Jove with the triple thunderbolt in his hands.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

First published in the volumes of 1842. One line, at least, was written long before: “Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change (l. 182).”

The poet is quoted as saying (*Life*, I, p. 195): “When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester (1830), I thought the wheels ran in a groove. It was black night and there was such a vast crowd round the train at the station that we could not see the wheels. Then I made this line.” We are further told that the idea of the poem was derived from Sir Wm. Jones’ translation of the seven Arabic poems hanging up in the temple of Mecca. The only suggestion that, it seems, could possibly have been given by these poems is contained in the opening lines, “Stay—let us weep at the memory of our beloved at the sight of the station where her tent was raised, by the edge of yon blinding sand.”

According to the author (*Life*, I, p. 195), “Locksley Hall is an imaginary place (tho’ the coast is Lincolnshire) and the hero is imaginary. The whole poem represents young life, its good side, its deficiencies, and its yearnings. Mr. Hallam said to me that English people liked verses in Trochaics, so I wrote the poem in this metre.” The poem

seems to have hit the taste of readers in 1842, and was one of the most popular in the two volumes of that year.

Long after, in 1886, Tennyson published a companion poem, *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, which presumably is intended to represent age "its good side, its deficiencies, and its yearnings," and also what seemed to the Poet, the spirit of those later years ; as *Locksley Hall* represents the spirit of an earlier generation.

Locksley Hall is dramatic, i.e., it expresses the feelings, ideas, etc. of an imaginary person. The student can gather for himself out of the poem the facts of the speaker's life and character. There are two sides to his utterances: his private grief and consequent bitterness ; his interest in the progress of the world (its political and social development, its increase in knowledge and mastery over nature) and consequent hopefulness. The conflict between the two moods is reflected in the poem, and the latter mood gains the upper hand.

The metre of the poem is somewhat uncommon, both because the foot is a trochee (stressed followed by unstressed syllable), and because the line is unusually long. There are eight feet in each line, but the last foot lacks the unstressed syllable, i.e., according to classic terminology, the line is catalectic. As is almost inevitable in such a long line, there is a strong pause (the cæsural pause) in each line ; but the place of this pause varies, and this rids the versification of monotony. Undoubtedly trochaic lines, especially those which are catalectic, give a certain impression of energy ; compare the trochaic lines in the *Ode on Wellington*.

1-2. This indicates that the speaker is a soldier—a fact which comes out more clearly in *Sixty Years After*.

3. **curlew.** A bird which frequents the shore in winter and the elevated moors in summer ; it has a peculiarly plaintive cry.

4. **gleams.** According to the author the word is not in apposition, but, with the participle, forms an absolute construction.

8. **Orion.** The constellation so called which sets in November and is hence, in the classic poets, associated with rainy weather. (Cf. *Aeneid*, I, l. 435.)

9. **Pleiads.** Another constellation.

14. **closed.** Enclosed, contained.

31-2. The reference is the hour-glass which measured time by the running of sand from one receptacle to another.

59. He has lost Amy through the improper value placed on wealth by the world, hence the following outbreak against the evils produced by social conventions. There are outbursts of the same character in *Aylmer's Field*.

68. **many-wintered crow.** Compare Bryant's *Forest Hymn*. "The century-living crow grew old and died among thy branches." Here Tennyson uses "crow" and "rook" as synonymous, a usage found in the North of England.

69. "Shall I find comfort in keeping my memories of Amy as she used to seem, apart from those which recall her recent conduct."

75-6. **The poet** is the Italian Dante who speaks thus in his *Inferno*.

97-8. The speaker begins to turn from his private griefs to his interest in the condition and progress of the great world.

105-6. The same impatience with the commercial spirit and with the decay of the warlike spirit is found in *Maud*, I, vi-viii.

121. **argosies.** Merchant-ships. Compare *Merchant of Venice* :—
"Argosies of portly sail . . . Do o'erpeer the petty traffickers."

135-6. The poet is symbolizing the gradual approach of democracy, while the wealthier classes that rule, are sluggish and negligent of their charge.

141. Tennyson draws attention more than once to the difference between mere knowledge and wisdom, *e.g.*, *In Memoriam*, cxiv ; *knowledge* is the mere intellectual perception of truth, *wisdom* is the power to use truth in the conduct of life.

143. **he** refers seemingly to "the individual."

151. This is not Tennyson's own opinion ; his own view seems to be reflected in *The Princess*, vii, l. 239 foll.

155. **Mahratta.** Name of a people of Hindoostan with whom the English were in conflict from time to time, 1799-1818.

180. See *Judges*, x, 12.

184. **Cathay.** China.

ULYSSES.

This poem was first published in 1842, and has remained unaltered. Among the Greeks who fought against Troy, Ulysses was conspicuous, especially for fortitude, wisdom, and craft. On his return voyage to Ithaca, he gave offence to Poseidon (Neptune), and was in consequence delayed by numerous misfortunes. These adventures are the subject of the *Odyssey*, which represents him as finally restored to his kingdom and his faithful wife Penelope.

Tennyson, in the poem before us, accepts this character, but represents the hero after his return dominated in his old age by a thoroughly modern feeling—the restless desire of experience and knowledge.

Mr. Knowles reports Tennyson as saying when speaking of *In Memoriam*: “It [*In Memoriam*] is a very impersonal poem as well as personal. There is more about myself in ‘Ulysses,’ which was written under the sense of loss, and that all had gone by, but that still life must be fought to the end. It was more written with the feeling of his loss upon me than many poems in ‘In Memoriam.’” “The ‘loss’ referred to, is of course the death of his friend Hallam.” We have, then, in the *Ulysses*, a particularly happy example of the infusion of the poet’s own mood and feeling into a character and situation which serve to bring them out and intensify them for the reader. Ulysses,—full of knowledge and experience, but with that inevitable sense of the diminution of power, of hopefulness, and of the possibilities of life, which come with age,—still feels within his heart that insatiable craving for more light and more life which lies deep in every more finely touched spirit; and the words put into his mouth by the poet, become for the reader a typical expression of similar yearning for the infinite, and of the similar sense of limitation and loss however occasioned.

2. among these barren crags of Ithaca, the domain of Ulysses, an island near the entrance of the gulf of Corinth.

10. the rainy Hyades. A group of stars in the head of the constellation ‘Taurus’ which, when they rose with the sun were supposed to bring rain; hence the name which is derived from the Gk. verb for ‘to rain.’ Cf. Vergil, *Aeneid*, i., 744: Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades geminosque Triones.

33. Telemachus is represented in the *Odyssey* as a prudent young man; Tennyson makes him an impersonation of humdrum respectability without the genius and inspiration which belong to the higher

spirit of Ulysses. There is just a touch of contempt in Ulysses' reference to him.

53. According to Homer the Gods themselves took part in the conflicts before the walls of Troy, Mars and Venus fighting for the Trojans.

55. Note the happy effect of the long monosyllables, and the double cæsura.

58-59. **sitting...furrows.** Suggested by the oft-recurring line of the *Odyssey*: ἐξῆς δ' ἐζόμενοι πολλὴν ἅλα τύπτον ἑρετμοῖς (And sitting in order they smote the hoary sea with their oars).

60-61. **the baths Of all the western stars.** The place where the stars seemed to plunge into the ocean. So in *Iliad*, xviii., 48, it is said of the Constellation of the Bear: οἷη δ' ἄμμορός ἐστι λοετρῶν Ωκεανοῖο ('it alone is free from the baths of Ocean').

62. In Homer, Ocean is represented as a mighty stream encompassing the earth; at the western side its waters plunge into a vast chasm where is the entrance to Hades (see *Odyssey*, x., 511, fol.).

63. **the Happy Isles.** The "Fortunate Insulae" ('Islands of the Blessed') which were supposed to lie somewhere to the west of the Pillars of Hercules, and were sometimes identified with Elysium, the dwelling-place, after death, of favoured heroes.

64. **Achilles** the greatest of the Greek heroes before Troy.

70. Note how the coincidence of the metrical pauses between the feet, with the sense pauses, gives a movement to the line in keeping with the thought expressed.

'AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT.'

This and the following six songs are from *The Princess*, published in 1847. These songs (with the exception of '*Tears, idle tears*') were not, however, inserted until the third edition of the poem appeared in 1850.

In *The Princess*, a party of ladies and gentlemen are gathered on a pleasant summer day in the ruins of an old abbey, and to pass the time seven young men tell in succession an impromptu story about a Princess who founded a college for women. The story is thus divided into seven

parts, and between the parts a song is inserted, supposed to be sung by the ladies—

the women sang
Between the rougher voices of the men,
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind.

These six songs are given in the text, together with “*Tears, idle tears,*” which is not one of the interludes, but belongs to the story itself.

‘SWEET AND LOW, SWEET AND LOW.’

14-15. These phrases are thrown in without grammatical construction, a practice extremely common in earlier forms of poetry. The connection in thought is sufficiently apparent.

‘THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS.’

According to the *Life* (Vol. I, p, 253) this song commemorates the echoes of Killarney.

9. *scar*. ‘A bare or broken place on the side of a mountain’; the word is frequently used by Scott in the form *scaur*.

10. The mysterious and faint character of the echoes is well suited to suggest fair agency.

‘TEARS, IDLE TEARS, I KNOW NOT WHAT THEY MEAN.’

In *The Princess* we hear how a party of ladies from the college spend a summer afternoon in a scientific ramble.

Then they gathered to their evening repast, and the Princess asked some one to sing—

and a maid,
Of those beside her, smote her harp, and sang.
‘Tears, idle tears,’ etc.

The form of this poem should be noted; non-rhyming verse has not often been employed for lyrical purposes in modern English. Mr. Knowles, in *The Nineteenth Century* for Jan. 1893, reports that Tennyson speaking of this song said: “It is in a way like St. Paul’s ‘groanings which cannot be uttered.’ It was written at Tintern when the woods were all yellowing with autumn seen through the ruined windows. It

is what I have always felt even from a boy, and what as a boy I called the 'passion of the past.' And it is so always with me now; it is the distance that charms me in the landscape, the picture and the past, and not the immediate to-day in which I move" (Compare with this last sentence the poem *Far-far-away*). The "Tintern" referred to is Tintern Abbey, "perhaps the most beautiful ruin in England," on the right bank of the Wye in Monmouthshire, associated with Wordsworth's well-known *Lines written above Tintern Abbey*.

'ASK ME NO MORE: THE MOON MAY DRAW THE SEA.'

This song is closely linked in thought to the subject of *Part VII.* of *The Princess*, to which it forms a prologue. In *Part VII.* we are told how the Princess, under the influence of kindly feelings, undertakes to nurse the wounded hero, her long repulsed suitor, how pity gave place in her heart to a tenderer interest, how her novel ideas and schemes for her sex give place, and 'Love at last is lord of all.'

ENOCH ARDEN.

Enoch Arden was published along with several other poems (*Aylmer's Field*, *The Grandmother*, *Sea Dreams*, *The Northern Farmer*, *Tithonus*, *The Sailor Boy*, *The Flower*, *Welcome to Alexandra*, and some shorter pieces) in the year 1864. Sixty thousand copies were sold in a very short time, and in the *Life* we are told that the volume "is, perhaps with the exception of *In Memoriam*, the most popular of his works. *Enoch Arden*, or *The Fisherman*, as he named it originally, was written in the summer of 1862. . . . It took him only about a fortnight to write *Enoch Arden*, within a little summerhouse in the meadow called Maiden's Croft, looking over Freshwater Bay and towards the downs. In this meadow he paced up and down, making his lines, and then wrote them in a M.S. book on the table of the summerhouse, which he himself had designed and painted" (*Life*, Vol. II, p. 7). "*Enoch Arden*," the Poet wrote "is founded on a theme given me by the sculptor Woolner. I believe this particular story came out of Suffolk, but something like the same story is told in Brittany and elsewhere."

This poem is one of the most interesting examples of Tennyson's "English Idylls," as he called them, the idyllic treatment of ordinary themes; other examples are *Dora*, *The Gardner's Daughter*, *The Brook*.

They may be compared with his Classical Idylls, where similar treatment is given to subjects drawn from ancient story ; *Ænone*, *Lucretius*, *Ulysses*, *Tithonus*.

1-9. Note that all the local details of importance in the story are included in this concise and effective description.

breaking. "Note how the trochee here causes a break in the rhythm, the sound echoing the sense (*Webb*). Two stressed syllables (here 'cliff' and 'break') do not naturally follow one another in English, and hence enforce a pause between them.

7. **Danish barrows.** "Barrows" are sepulchral mounds. Cf. *Tithonus*,

And grassy barrows of the happier dead.

They are not infrequent in England ; they were often erected by many of the earlier races, among others by the Scandinavian people. Here Tennyson ascribes them to the Danish invaders.

16. **lumber.** Not in the narrow sense in which it is usually employed in this country, but cumbersome objects cast aside as useless.

18. **fluke.** The part of an anchor which catches on the ground.

36. This is the first case of unconscious prophecy and of omen, by which the poet has chosen to give a certain heightening to his story.

58. Cf. with l. 47. Repetition of this kind is characteristic of Homer, and is often employed by Tennyson ; see, in this poem, ll. 46 and 86, 167 and 294, 67-68 and 370-1, etc.

67. **prone.** Originally 'bending forward,' usually 'lying on one's face' (cf. l. 775), but here 'sloping precipitously.'

68. **feather.** The wood gradually disappears with an irregular outline through a transition of smaller trees and shrubs. A similar metaphorical use of the word is to be found in *The Gardner's Daughter*, l. 46 :

And all about the large lime feathers low.

80-1. The trisyllabic feet in these two lines give a movement to the verse in harmony with the idea expressed.

94. **ocean-smelling osier.** An example of the way in which Tennyson clothes a homely idea in poetically suggestive language. The 'osier' is properly a kind of willow ; here of course a willow-basket.

96. **market-cross.** Crosses were frequently erected in public places, in the centre of villages, market places, etc. They often consisted of some sort of platform for preaching, surmounted by the cross proper. The fact is often commemorated in names of places, as 'Charing Cross.'

98. the portal-warding lion-whelp. Cf. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*:

The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold than I.

and *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*:

Here is Locksley Hall, my grandson, here the lion-guarded gate.

99. peacock-yewtree. An example of the old fashion of clipping evergreen shrubs into artificial forms.

118. Cf. note on l. 36.

130-1. The shadow of the cloud comes between the ship and a part of the sea on which the sun is shining.

offing. That part of the sea which is nearer to the horizon than to the shore.

181. Note the appropriateness of the metrical movement to the idea expressed.

187. When the yearning after the Divine seeks a response in that aspect of God which is felt to sympathise with man.

212-3. Cf. note on l. 36.

221, fol. Note the reminiscences of Biblical phraseology; see 1 *Peter* v, 7; *Psalms* cxxxix, 7-10; xcv, 5.

250. Note the stress 'compensating.'

269. Again note the movement of the verse.

283. Cf. *Isaiah* xxxviii, 1-2: "And Isaiah the prophet the son of Amoz came unto him, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live. Then Hezekiah turned his face toward the wall, and prayed unto the Lord."

295. Cf. l. 167.

329. garth. Yard: the words garden, yard, and garth are all of cognate origin.

379. whitening. See note on *The Lady of Shalott*, l. 10.

495. The method of solving a difficulty by opening a Bible and putting the finger at random on some text which, as was supposed, would indicate the true solution, was at one time a common practise. In this case, as so often in similar cases of supernatural aid narrated in legend (cf. example to story of (Edipus), the information is ambiguous and only serves to lead the inquirer astray.

497. The text seems to have been *Judges* iv, 5.

503. For the Biblical allusions, see *Malachi* iv, 2; *Mark* xi, 8-10.

511-12. Repetition from lines 80-1.

509, fol. Another suggestion of supernatural influence.

529. **The Biscay**, *i.e.*, the Bay of Biscay.

532. **The Cape** of Good Hope.

535. The reference is to the steady currents of air known as the Trade Winds.

539-40. These lines suggest *China* as the place where the haven (l. 537) was.

544. **feathering**. Breaking into feather-shaped ripples ; cf. l. 68 and note.

572. The following passage is one of the most famous of Tennyson's descriptions. It presents something which he had never seen, though long before the thought of tropical scenery had stirred his imagination ; see *Locksley Hall*.

—to wander far away.

On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag.

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

Cf. also *In Memoriam* xxxvi. :

Those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

lawns. Used here in its more original sense, 'open grassy spaces among trees' (cf. *Enone*, l. 6) ; *glades* are narrower spaces.

576. "Note the musical alliterativeness of this line, and the sense of *trailing* growth produced by its rhythm." (Webb).

584. Note the appropriate metrical and sound effect of the line.

586. Note the hurrying effect of the trisyllabic feet.

594-6. The sense of monotony is given by the repetition.

597. **globed**. They did not seem mere points of light, their brilliancy lent them size ; so in the passage quoted above in note on l. 568, we have "*Larger* constellations burning."

613, fol. A suggestion of some mysterious influence carrying to his ears the sound of the bells at his wife's second wedding.

639-44. So of Alexander Selkirk it is told that, after his five solitary years in Juan Fernandez, "he had so much forgot his language for want

of use that we could scarce understand him ; for he seemed to speak his words by halves."

653. **county.** This is the reading of the earliest edition,—perhaps a misprint ; the latest edition has "country."

661. **her ghostly wall.** Through the misty air, the chalk cliffs of England were only vaguely discernible.

675. **holt.** A small wood.

tilth. Cultivated land ; cf. *The Princess*, i, 109 : "We crost a livelier land ; and so by tilth and grange . . . we gained the mother city."

678. Note the retarded metrical movement caused by the troches and the long monosyllables.

680. The mist makes his return the more unnoted, and increases the sense of his isolation. There is probably also symbolism of the clouding of Enoch's fortune.

690. **the pool** seems here to mean the harbour,—a use of the word for which the editor is unable to find a parallel.

692. **timber-crost.** The wooden framework stands out from the plaster as was usual in old houses ; see for example the pictures of the Shakespeare house at Stratford.

737. **shingle.** Gravel ; cf. *Holy Grail*, l. 808 ; "I heard the shingle grinding in the surge."

797. **burthen.** The refrain, *i.e.*, the words repeated at the end of each stanza ; more properly it means a bass accompaniment, often consisting of the same words repeated, sung throughout a song. The word is of different origin from *burden*, a load.

803. Cf. *Early Sonnets*, x, 7-8 :

As I have heard that somewhere in the main
Fresh water springs come up through bitter brine.

807. **enow.** Provincial or antiquated for *enough*.

829. The squall as it lifts carries off the misty rain cloud.

869. **promise-bounden.** See note on l. 644.

910. "The calling of the sea is a term used, believe, chiefly in the western parts of England, to signify a ground-swell. When this occurs on a windless night, the echo of it rings through the timbers of the old houses in a haven." (Tennyson as quoted in the *Life*, vol. II, p. 8.)

917. The closing line can scarcely be regarded as on a level with the latter part of the poem.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

First published on the morning of the day of the Duke's funeral, Nov. 18th, 1852; it was revised in 1853 and again when it appeared with *Maud* in 1855. The Ode, as indicated above, was written before the funeral actually took place, but the poet was a spectator of the procession and pronounced it "very fine." He writes "At the funeral I was struck with the look of sober manhood in the British soldier." It exemplifies the qualities of the ode proper, which is described by Mr. Gosse as "any strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse directed to a fixed purpose and dealing progressively with one dignified theme." The varied and irregular metre corresponds with the progressive and changing character of the thought and feeling embodied. The ode before us is not only admirable as poetry but seizes with truth upon the real excellences of its hero's character and the essence of his relations to the nation.

The Duke is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in the very centre of traffic.

18-9. Compare with what Carlyle said on the occasion of the Duke's funeral. "It is, indeed, a sad and solemn fact for England that such a man has been called away, the *last* perfectly honest and perfectly brave public man they had." (*Life in London*, vol. ii, chap. xxi.) In 1850 Carlyle had seen him at a grand ball and writes: "By far the most interesting figure present was the old Duke of Wellington, who appeared between twelve and one, and slowly glided through the rooms—truly a beautiful old man; I had never seen till now how beautiful, and what an expression of graceful simplicity, veracity, and nobleness, there is about the old hero when you seen him close at hand." (*Ibid.*, chap. xviii.)

23. Cf. McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*, chap. xxiii: "The trust which the nation had in him was absolutely unlimited. It never entered into the mind of any one to suppose that the Duke of Wellington was actuated in any step he took, or advice he gave, by any feeling but a desire for the good of the state." His influence as a "state-oracle," and his good sense (see l. 33 below) were exhibited in the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Bill (1829), and in the passing of the Reform Bill by the abstention from voting on the part of a large number of the Peers.

39. **four-square.** The Greeks conceived the square as something perfect; hence, the epithet *τετραγώνος* was applied by them metaphorically to indicate perfect character. This idea may have been in

Tennyson's mind, although here the epithet is applied more literally to a tower, and suggests a preparedness for attack from any quarter.

49. **The cross of gold** upon the dome of St. Paul's.

68. As, for example, in the Peninsular war.

79. Altered in 1873 to "ever echoing."

83. **mighty seaman.** Nelson, who was buried under the dome of St. Paul's; the poet represents him as putting the question contained in the three preceding lines.

99. **Assaye.** A village of Hyderabad in Hindostan where, in 1803, the Duke (then Arthur Wellesley) with 5,000 men defeated two Mahratta chieftains with 30,000 men.

104. **The treble works.** These were the famous triple lines of Torres Vedras by means of which in 1810 he baffled the French marshal, Masséna.

110. The French were driven back over the Pyrenees in the autumn of 1813.

119. **Eagle.** A metal eagle on a pole was the standard of a Roman legion, and this ensign was adopted for the regiments of Napoleon. The reference of the line is to the renewal of war by the escape of Napoleon from Elba, April, 1815.

123. The battle of Waterloo was fought upon Sunday, June 18th, 1815.

127. The appearance of the Prussian army under Blücher at 7 o'clock in the evening was the signal for the charge of the British Guards, which decided the battle.

130. "As they joyously sprang forward against the discomfited masses of the French, the setting sun broke through the clouds . . . and glittered on the bayonets of the Allies, while they in turn poured down into the valley." (*Creasy's Decisive Battles, quoted by Messrs. Rowe and Webb.*)

136. **silver-coasted.** The reference is presumably to the chalk cliffs which form the southern coast of England. Shakespeare's use of *silver* in *Richard II*, II, i, seems more appropriate:

This precious stone set in the silver sea.

137. The battle of the Baltic was fought off Copenhagen against the Danes in 1801; the battle of the Nile, against the French in 1798.

152-3. The reference is to the revolutions on the Continent. During 1848 and the following years revolutionary movements took place in France, Austria, Italy, Spain, etc., which, in the main, seemed productive rather of evil than good.

155. **Saxon.** In the latest editions the poet changed this to the more inclusive term "Briton."

160. **the eye.** The Greeks used the word for eye (*οφθαλμός*) for what is very dear and precious, whence came Milton's phrase, "Athens, the eye of Greece" (*Paradise Regained*, IV, 240).

164. Cf. 'You ask me why,' l. 6.

170. **wink.** 'Shut the eyes,' as often in Shakespeare; e.g., *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I, ii, 139: "I see things, too, although you judge I wink"; *Sonnet* xliii, i, etc.; so in *Acts*, xvii, 30: "And the times of this ignorance God winked at."

170, fol. In 1848 Wellington drew attention to the defenceless state of the south coast of England, advocated the complete fortification of the Channel Isles, Plymouth, the increase of the regular forces, and the raising of 150,000 militia. In 1852-'3 there was much agitation in England over the question of defence, owing to a dread of French invasion by Napoleon III. Tennyson strongly sympathized with the movement for additional defence as is shown in the songs he wrote at the time; e.g., "Britons, guard your own," contributed to *The Examiner*, and printed in the *Life*.

186. He was born in the spring of 1769.

196. **stars.** Marks of distinction; peerage, order of the Garter, etc.

197. The Goddess of Fortune is represented in ancient art as bearing a cornucopia (i.e., 'horn of plenty') from which she pours her gifts.

217. Cf. *Revelation*, xxi, 23: "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it."

236. **For.** Here means "on account of." "His kindness to children is well known," says his biographer in the *English Men of Action Series*, and quotes some instances; see *ibid.*, p. 253.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

On December 2nd, 1854, Tennyson, according to the *Life*, Vol. I, p. 381, "wrote 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' in a few minutes after reading the description in the *Times* in which occurred the phrase 'some one had blundered,' and this was the origin of the metre of the poem." It appeared in *The Examiner* for December 9th with the following note: "Written after reading the first report of 'The Times' correspondent, where only 607 sabres are mentioned as having taken

part in the charge." In the following year it was printed on a fly-leaf with the following note :

August 8th 1855.

"Having heard that the brave soldiers before Sebastopol, whom I am proud to call my countrymen, have a liking for my ballad on the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, I have ordered a thousand copies to be printed for them. No writing of mine can add to the glory they have acquired in the Crimea ; but if what I have heard be true they will not be displeased to receive these copies from me, and to know that those who sit at home love and honour them." It was included in the volume entitled *Maud and Other Poems*, published in 1855.

The *Times* of the 14th November contains the special correspondent's letter referred to by Tennyson's son in the quotation above, and stating that 607 had taken part of whom only 198 returned ; but on the preceding day there is an editorial account of the battle based upon the official despatches, which would be the first detailed account that Tennyson would read ; and a comparison of the two accounts plainly shows that it was, not unnaturally, the earlier one which most impressed the poet's imagination, and gave suggestions for the details and even the phraseology of the poem. The following extracts give the striking parallelisms :—

"We now know the details of the attack upon Balaklava on the 25th, and with them much that is glorious and much that is reassuring. . . . The disaster, then, of which the mere shadow has darkened so many a household among us for the last ten days is not more, but it is not much less, than the annihilation of the Light Cavalry Brigade. It entered into action about 700 strong and mustered only 191 on its return, though, of course, some afterwards rejoined their comrades. . . . Had there been the smallest use in the movement that has cost us so much,—had it been the necessity of a retreat or part of any plan whatever, we should endeavor to bear this sad loss as we do the heaps of human life lavished in an assault. Even accident could have made it more tolerable. But it was a mere mistake,—evidently a mistake and perceived to be such when it was too late to correct it. The affair then assumed the terrible form of a splendid self-sacrifice. Two great armies, composed of four nations, saw, from the slopes of a vast amphitheatre, seven hundred British cavalry proceed at a rapid pace, and in perfect order, to certain destruction. Such a spectacle was never seen before, and we trust will never be repeated. . . . How far the order itself was the result of a misconception, or was intended to be executed at discretion, does not appear, and will probably afford the subject of painful but vain recrimination. It was interpreted as leaving no discretion at all, and the whole brigade advanced at a trot for more than a mile, down a valley, with a murderous flank fire of Minié muskets and shell from the hills on both sides. It charged batteries, took guns, sabred the gunners, and charged the Russian cavalry beyond ; but, not being supported,—and perhaps under the circumstances it was fortunate that it was

not,—and being attacked by cavalry in front and rear, it had to cut its way through them, and return through the same cavalry and the same fire. The brigade was simply pounded by the shot, shell, and Minié bullets from the hills. . . . Causeless as the sacrifice was, it was most glorious. A French general who saw the advance, and apprehended at once its fatal issue, exclaimed, ‘C’est très magnifique, mais ce n’est pas la guerre.’ . . . It is difficult not to regard such a disaster in a light of its own, and to separate it from the general sequence of affairs. Causeless and fruitless, it stands by itself, as a grand heroic deed, surpassing even the spectacle of shipwrecked regiment settling down into the waves, each man still in his rank. The British soldier will do his duty, even to certain death, and is not paralyzed by feeling that he is the victim of some hideous blunder. . . . Splendid as the event was on the Alma, yet that rugged ascent in the face of heights blazing with destruction was scarcely so glorious as the progress of the cavalry through and through the valley of death, with a murderous fire, not only in front, but on both sides, above, and even in the rear.”

